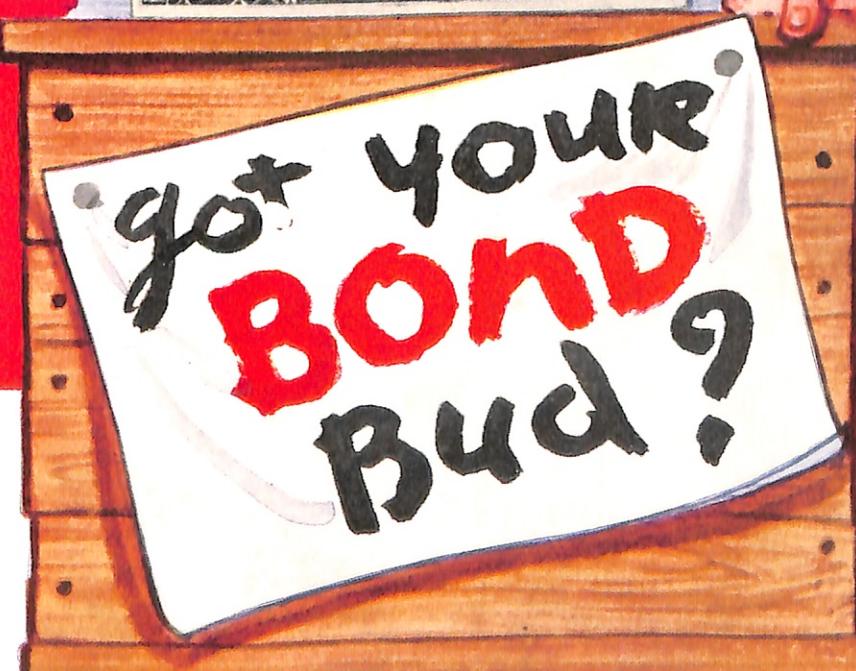
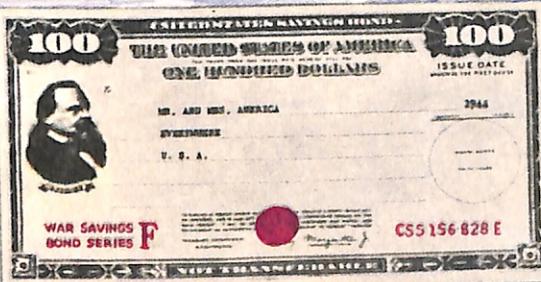
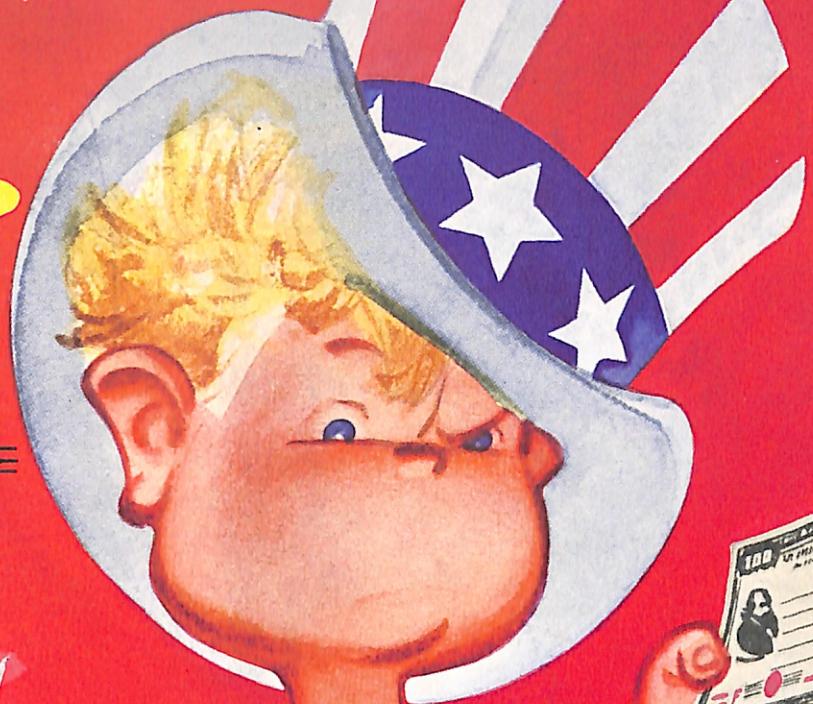


THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

JUNE 1945



ABUTLER



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all the War Bonds you buy.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

THIS is a message to the 600,000 Elks who are *not* in the Armed Services. It is, to me, one of the most important messages I have ever written.

Within the next few months you will begin to meet many new young men. They will have the same faces and forms of the boys you knew a year or so ago but they will be different personages. They will have gone through experiences that have made many changes in their character and habits. They will have a broader outlook on life. They will have been under strict army discipline. They will be impatient of further authority. They won't stand for being kicked around.

In the great majority the changes will not be deep. Many who have left college will return to their studies. Many will take up the Government's offer and enter educational institutions where technical training is provided. Some will want to go in business for themselves. The largest number, after milling around for a few weeks or months, will take up their old vocations on the farm or in factories or stores.

In a fairly large percentage the changes will be greater. The boys who have spent much time in the army, especially those who have been on the firing line, will not be so easily satisfied. Deep seated changes will have been made in their natures. They will feel that they are due a great deal. They will be resentful at the men who have remained at home and earned large wages while they have fought for what they consider a pittance. They will be unwilling to return to their old jobs except at large increases in salaries. They will be critical of the government and easily led into movements that may prove dangerous to law and order.

Those who have been severely wounded will prove a more difficult problem. At first, they will want to be let alone. They will be resentful of pity and help especially from strangers. They won't want to talk of their experiences. They will not want any outward expressions of sympathy. Later on, perhaps, they will begin to look around for some way in which they can help themselves. They will try to be self-supporting if they can.

Our answer to the needs of all these men is *patience* and *sympathy*. Our patience must be long-suffering, especially with those who have been in the army a long time or at the front. They will have a difficult time readjusting themselves. They will not be willing to take the first job that

comes along. My attention was recently directed to this fact. A man who had been employed in a factory at \$50 a week rose rapidly in the army to the rank of lieutenant colonel drawing about \$6,000 per annum. On his return home his former employer offered him his old job at \$75 per week which he disdainfully refused. Some who have had little business experience will be bitter when the banks refuse to lend them money to start an untried enterprise. Some will resent the inquiries made by our Elks' Rehabilitation Commissions who will want to help them.

In all of these cases patience is the first and main requirement. Tact is a supreme necessity. We must listen to the stories of these men with every show of interest. We must go over their problems time and time again. We must sympathize with their ambitions and desires. We must not be discouraged if they do not take our advice and after failure return for further help.

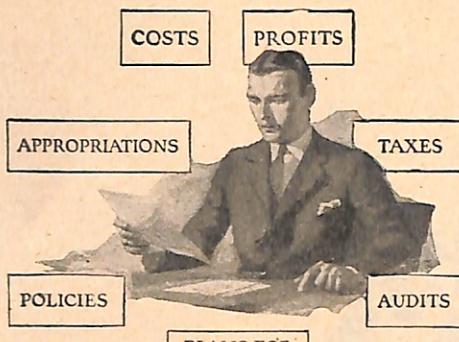
For the wounded we have even a great task. Our sympathy must be deep and understanding but we must be careful how we show it. We must not hurt the tender sensibilities of men already grievously injured.

I am sure I can count on every Elk to go the limit in helping these veterans, especially the 80,000 of our Brothers who are in the service, in every possible way. I know our Rehabilitation Commissions, organized in more than a thousand lodges, stand ready to give unlimited time and money to the great responsibilities that rest upon them. I know our lodges will see that our program for the entertainment and relief of veterans in the Army and Navy hospitals will be carried out. It is a great thing to head an Order which will mean so much to those who have done so much for our country.

Cordially and fraternally yours,

ROBERT S. BARRETT,
Grand Exalted Ruler.





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THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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JUNE 1945

Contents

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A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler.....	1	The Elks in the War.....	13
The Army that Will Come Home	4	The Grand Exalted Ruler's Birthday Classes	16
Representative Forest A. Harness		Under the Antlers.....	18
Professor Disney	6	Rod and Gun.....	28
Frank J. Taylor		Ray Trullinger	
Civil Air Patrol.....	8	In the Doghouse.....	36
Fairfax Downey		Ed Faust	
The Fall of Manila Lodge....	10	What America Is Reading....	45
William F. Boericke		Harry Hansen	
Elks Flag Day Report to the Nation	12	Editorial	48

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

HOWARD BUTLER'S "Snide Sammy" is back on the cover again. He exhorts you to participate in the Seventh War Loan Drive. "Got your Bond Bud?"

Representative Forest A. Harness of Indiana, a member of the House Military Affairs Committee's trip overseas to our battlefronts and a member of Kokomo, Ind., Lodge, returned from his journey with a number of new convictions about our Servicemen. You will want to know what an on-the-spot member of Congress thinks. He tells you in "The Army that Will Come Home" which you will find on page 4.

There is certainly one citizen of fabled Hollywood that can justifiably be called fabulous. He is also called Walt Disney. To us he has become "Professor Disney" on page 6 where Frank J. Taylor tells us many of the little known facts about the "Profs" educational activities. They are numerous, progressive and of world-wide importance. In fact, if Professor Disney keeps going, and he certainly will, one of the requirements for school teachers will probably be the ability to operate a movie projector.

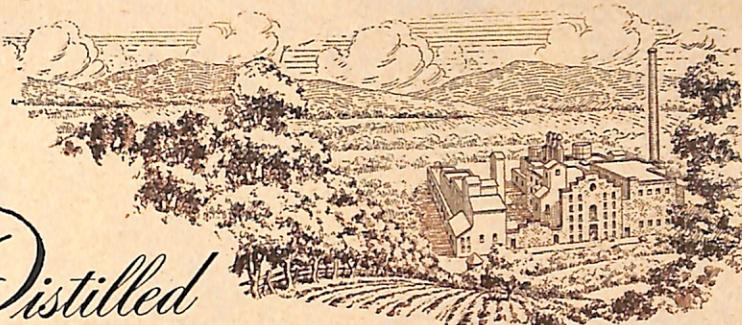
Fairfax Downey was in on the landing strip of our Civil Air Patrol activities which are so important to the teen agers of the nation. In the early days of this war he took a flier at teaching many of them the fundamentals of army drill and discipline. Now that Disciplinarian Downey has been released from his Major's commission in the Army, we have prevailed upon him to tell the story of the C. A. P. on page 9.

"Elks Flag Day Report to the Nation", an important announcement appears on page 12. Every member will want to read it. It contains news for those who are planning the Order's Flag Day programs.

One of the greatest disasters the Order has ever suffered was the loss of Manila Lodge, P.I. and the decimation of its roll of members by the Japs. William F. Boericke, a member of Manila Lodge, who survived the brutal treatment of a Jap prison camp, has sent us the story of "The Fall of Manila Lodge". It is a dramatic account of the last hours forty men of our Order spent in their lodge under Jap rule.

The Elks War Commission is doing a great deal to help in the rehabilitation of the members and the families of members of Manila and Guam Lodges. Coles Phillips, Editor of The Elks Magazine, is at the moment on his way to the Pacific Ocean Area as a War Correspondent for the Magazine. He will return with first hand accounts of our Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air. We know that he will do his utmost to be of help to members of Guam and Manila Lodges should he have the opportunity.

F. R. A.



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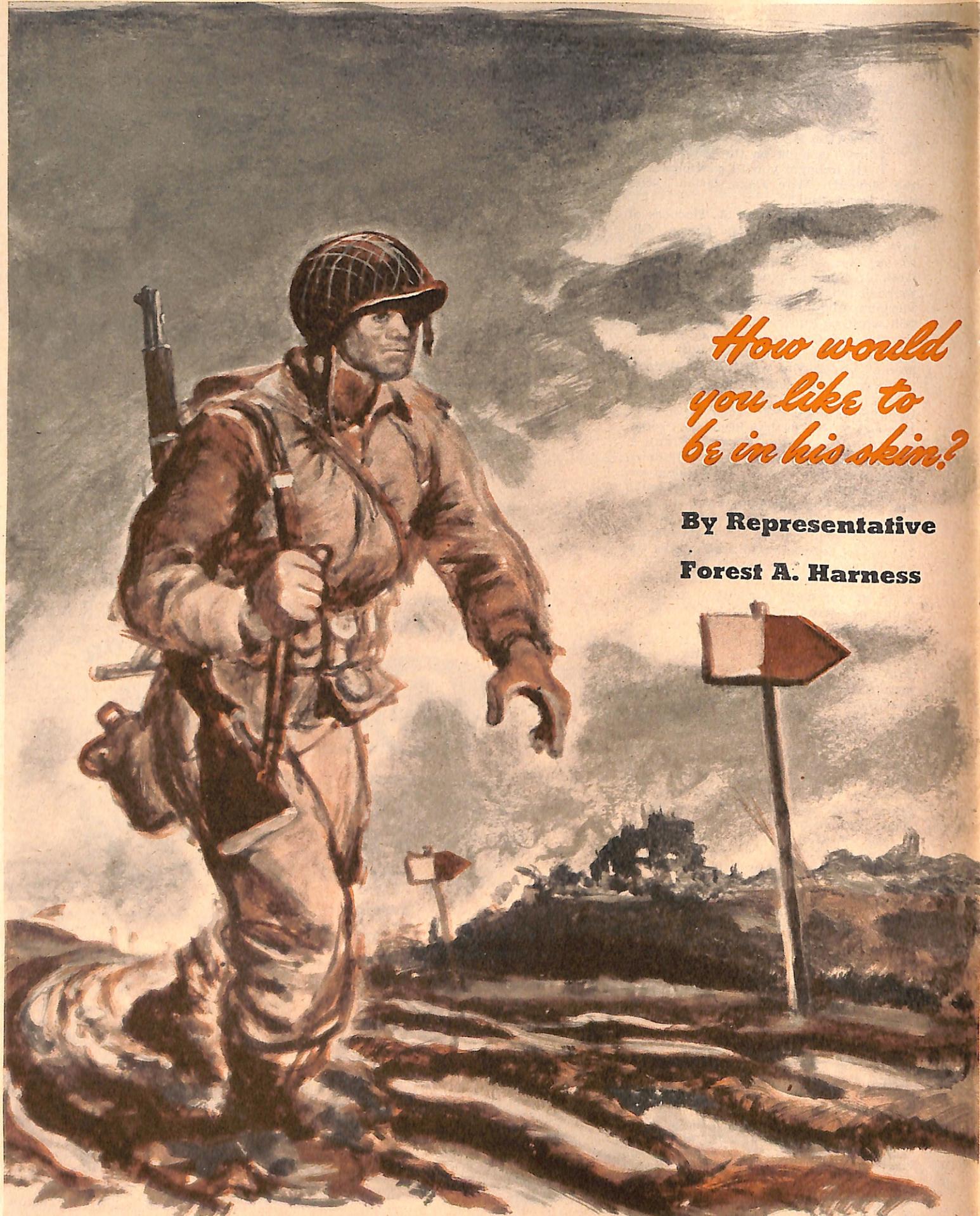
A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

The historic Old Crow distillery you see above is cooperating today with the government alcohol program, and the supply of this superb Kentucky whiskey must necessarily remain limited.

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS,

Bottled-in-Bond



*How would
you like to
be in his skin?*

**By Representative
Forest A. Harness**

MIKE, the American who had been wounded and discharged from the Air Forces, was still plenty of man to rate as a hot pilot in most leagues. A commercial air line at home had offered him a job, at good pay, but when I met him at a Mediterranean station, he was on his way to a flight job with the Chinese government.

"What's the matter with America?" I asked him.

"Civilians," he said. "Especially the arm-chair strategists, who explain that

home is all they really care about.

An Army chaplain told me, "The men regard this war as a disagreeable interruption of their real life . . . a dirty job they must finish before they can get back to the things they want. Hundreds of men have told me I've heard nothing from home since I wrote before, so there's nothing for me to write about." What they do here isn't history or even spot news to them. It becomes mere instinctive struggle for survival. To most soldiers, the misery

Mr. Waller might well have added another adjective or two, particularly designating the imagination needed in our problem. Fortunately, we need not try to grasp the war in its immensity and total awfulness; that is beyond the average imagination, anyway. But we ought to try, at least, to sense the magnificent spirit of our fighting armies; especially we ought to work at understanding what keeps just one plain, ordinary foot-slogger ticking, in spite of all his fear, pain and misery.

That sense of understanding will never come in a vacuum; the homely, simple facts of Army life abroad must be better known. Here are just a few leads I picked up in a month spent with the armies in Great Britain, Belgium, France, Italy and North Africa.

You will scarcely recognize in the returning veterans the kids who left your neighborhood a few months ago. The youngsters have become men. Many a fighter has lived half a lifetime in a single bombing mission, or a single night in a fox-hole. All overseas soldiers look—and doubtless feel—ten or fifteen years older than their age. The young fathers in uniform who show you snapshots of their children before they know your name will have changed almost as much as the babies they left behind. In language, habits, viewpoint and plans for the future, our soldiers are radically different men. An Army poll in the Mediterranean theatre shows that 27% of them do not intend to return to their old home towns. An OWI report states that three-quarters of the men already released have not gone back to their old jobs.

Is it battle experience which has changed these boys? No, for only about one in five has actually engaged in combat. Millions of returning veterans will honestly tell you they didn't fire a gun against the enemy, and very rarely heard a hostile shell explode. Yet they will have done the back-breaking work 'round the clock that keeps the combat units rolling; they suffer dysentery, malaria, dengue fever and jaundice too. These men will bring home no Purple Hearts, but they, too, will have paid for our victory.

Combat men, half jocularly, half in earnest, accuse the rear area soldier of living in sinful luxury. The visitor is surprised at the evidence of hostility: combat troops on leave have occasionally refused to salute rear-echelon officers, men at forward gasoline dumps have refused to service jeeps from rear outfits. The combat soldier has a case. When he comes back, exhausted, filthy, dazed by the horrors he has been through, the emphasis on "spit and polish" repels him. He occasionally rebels against this discipline, running afoul of the M.P.'s. One of the most effective German propaganda leaflets dropped over our lines shows a ragged,

(Continued on page 24)

The Army that Will Come Home

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS

the Germans are really yellow and the Japs don't know how to fly. And the plush-bottomed planners in Washington who figure it's probably cheaper to keep the Army at full strength than to muster us out and then keep us on relief. Two weeks was enough to brown me off."

Mike is typical. The Air Forces give flyers 21 days leave in the United States between assignments; more than half the men report back for duty before the leave is up. And the flyers aren't the only ones. A junior infantry officer, returning to Europe after a much longed-for leave, told me:

"It's kinda good to be back in a war zone and not have to watch civilians suffer trying to buy a pack of cigarettes or fight their way into a bar for a drink. I'm going up where we only wonder whether we'll eat."

The trickle of service men coming home disabled or on leave is swelling into an ever bigger stream, but these returning fighters have not so far, apparently, broken into our civilian shell. I am afraid we still rudely shatter their dreams of home. If we don't learn how to help them "shake down" naturally into the normal way of life they are seeking, the millions who some time soon will pour in on us will be bitterly disappointed young men—for

and fatigue and boredom are endurable only because they live with a bright dream of homecoming."

A single day with troops confirms the chaplain's appraisal. Wherever I visited, whether I talked with a veteran officer or with the freshest replacement in the line, I had to answer two questions about home for every one I asked about his part in the war. Just a guy fresh from the United States—any part of it—is a treat to the man long overseas. If you happen to be from his section of the country, or his own state, so much the better; if he finds you are from his home community, his eagerness fairly overwhelms you.

But home is merely the civilians, from whom the soldier has inevitably grown away. And there is a widening gap which we can close only if we here at home learn something of the soldier's view-point . . . something we have so far failed to grasp.

Willard Waller, the well known sociologist who has studied veterans of past wars, has written: "The simplest and oldest method of psychology is still the best. We must understand the veteran by imagining what it would be like to be in his skin . . . the tools with which to work are in ourselves, and the most useful of them is sympathetic imagination."

THE biggest, fastest growing college in the world today hasn't any campus. Its students, numbering millions, are scattered from one end of the globe to the other. It began as a G.I. Joe college, with classes in a dozen languages. The prexy is earnest, sparkly-eyed Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, the Seven Dwarfs and a host of other animated screen characters, most of whom now are waggish but serious-minded professors. No subject is too complex to be handled in Disney's college, which is now three years old and going great.

Until war broke, Walt Disney had no idea he was headed for a role in the international educational field. Then the Navy long-distanced, the day after Pearl Harbor, to the busy new studio at Burbank, California, where Disney was up to his ears in entertainment. The Navy wanted twenty thousand feet of animated film, broken up into thirty to forty reels, to teach ship and aircraft identification to hundreds of thousands of land-lubbers about to be inducted into the Service. The Navy needed the film in a hurry.

"How long will it take to make the

shorts?" the officer in Washington asked.

Having no idea what technical data was to be worked into the films, Disney stalled for time.

"We'll give you six months for the job," said the officer, "but we want the first reels delivered in ninety days. Now —what about the cost?"

Still in the dark, Disney picked a figure out of the air — \$4500 a reel.

"Okay, you've got a contract," barked the naval man. "This conversation has been recorded. Start to work on the films today; we'll send a technical adviser out next week."

That afternoon the Disney idea staff, specialists on the antics of mice, pigs, elephants, dogs, ducks and other animals that behaved like human beings, began boning up on the animation of ships and planes. Before long they had added electronics, air power, germs, agriculture, baby bathing, glass making, riveting and nearly every other field of human knowledge to their curriculum. At one time last year, ninety-three percent of the Disney studio staff of 900 was helping teach something to somebody somewhere around the globe.

through the medium of animated films. "Disney College" has long since outgrown its war training, and is pointed to a vast new postwar panorama, one almost unlimited in horizon.

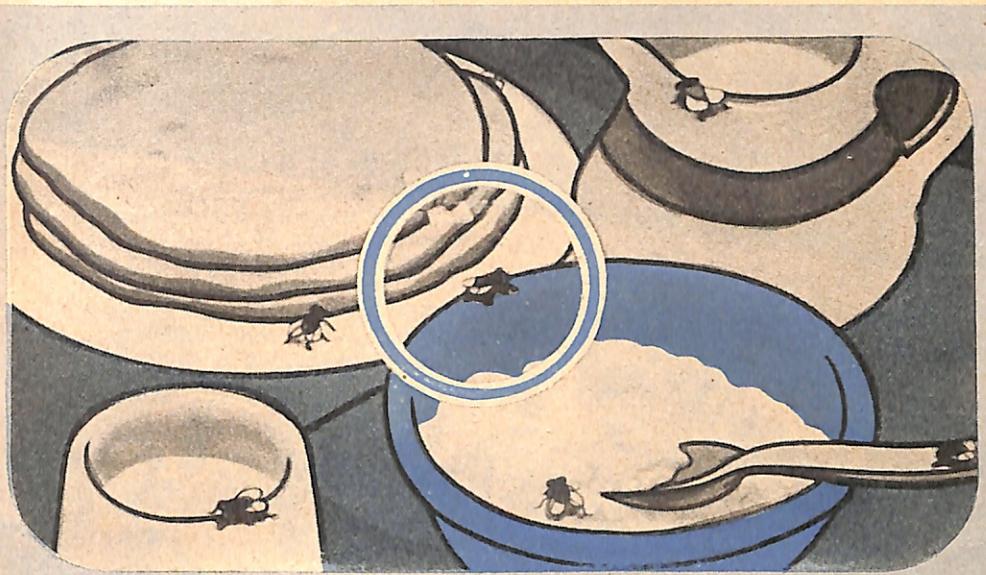
"The animated film has no limits in scope and range," says "Prexy" Walt Disney. "Even we who deal with it daily are startled by its constantly enlarging possibilities. Nothing is too large or too small. Our animation camera can take a position among the stars, it can reverse time for centuries, it can make visible the birth and growth of continents. Or it can show the action of molecules or the functions of the hidden organs in the human body.

PROFESSOR DISNEY

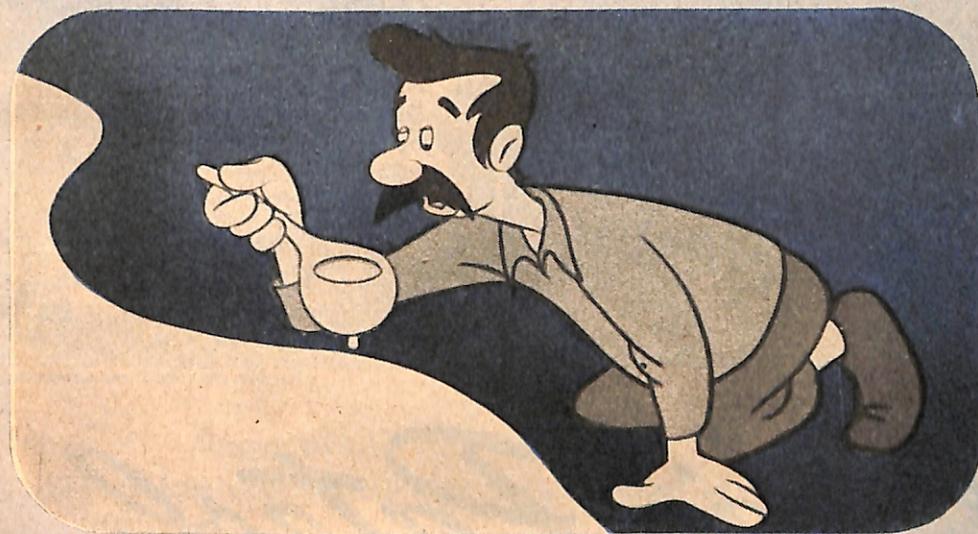
**The animated film
is an educational
medium that speaks
all languages—**

By Frank J. Taylor





Above is a portrayal of one form of disease transmission as shown in Disney's "How Disease Travels".



Never drink water from any stream is one lesson, shown above, because of the germs it may carry. Below: Heat is the cleanser of germs, as pointed out in a Disney educational film.



Things invisible to the eye, such as atmospheric phenomena, are open books to the animated film. And there are no limitations of nationality, because we have a medium that speaks all languages."

Walt Disney, who likes to trace all his lively cinema day dreams back to his struggling art days, says his teaching urge goes back to the Kansas City studio, where the idea for Mickey Mouse—now "Professor" Mickey Mouse, the educator—grew out of the visits of a beady-eyed little mouse that used to crawl fearlessly onto Walt's drawing board. One of Disney's first animation jobs was "Tommy Tucker's Teeth", a film made for a dentist to teach children the right way to scrub their teeth.

Though the film was a success, Disney's teaching went into an eclipse for almost twenty years while he built an organization specializing in amusement. The next pedagogical job came in 1941 from the Canadian government, which used a Disney film to train soldiers in the use of a new anti-tank gun. U. S. Navy officers had seen this film, which convinced them that Disney had the short cut to training recruits in the technique of war.

The first Navy series taught the Disney staff how to turn out education by mass production methods. The studio not only delivered the shorts on ship and aircraft identification on schedule, but whittled \$8000 off the price picked out of the blue by Disney. It was followed by an order for another series on weather, gunnery, fighter tactics, navigation. Each film synchronized with a manual; the film's job was to put life into the dry text being crammed into cadets and enlisted recruits.

Before the first Navy job was finished, the U. S. Treasury had heard about it, and boomed into the Disney Studio with a new project—a tough one. This was called "The New Spirit" and in it "Professor" Donald Duck lectured taxpayers on the role of income taxes in the war effort. The Disney staff worked through the Christmas and New Year's holidays to get this film ready for delivery to the country's theaters in sixty days.

Meantime, the War Department had awakened to the need of animated films in its training program. The Disney studio detailed a force of artists to work with Frank Capra on inserts for a series of "Know Your Enemy" films. Some of these included animated maps, to orient G.I. Joe in global warfare. Then the AAF sent in a hurry-up call for a series teaching plane identification, aerial gunnery, precision and torpedo bombing. The Marine Corps wanted more animated films to teach invasion tactics for Jap-held jungle islands. The Navy ordered a new series on aerial combat tactics, and flew pilots from the South Pacific to furnish first-hand technical data for the Disney animators.

An unexpected payoff on this work was that Disney idea men, who had hitherto thought only in terms of
(Continued on page 42)

Composed of pilots and student pilots this group of CAP members is shown receiving instruction prior to a test flight.



Photographs from Press Association

Civil Air Patrol

CALL him Lefty. That will do well enough as a tag. He was a licensed pilot with a good many air hours to his credit. When the war began, he tried hard to enlist but because of a slight physical defect neither the Army nor Navy air forces would take him, nor would any other branch. He faced sitting out the war, which was tough, and sitting it out on the ground, which was tougher still. A country at war could not be expected to allow a civilian flyer to go traipsing around loose in the sky.

That's what he thought. How wrong Lefty was is testified to by his adventures which would make a movie thriller or one of those bated-breath magazine serials. Better still they'd be material for a bang-up cartoon strip. They'd be based on the missions Lefty flew simply as a civilian volunteer and

without ever leaving the limits of the continental United States. Even so they'd build up into a strip that would make Superman or Flash Gordon move over and admit that truth is stranger than fiction.

Take just a few of them. There was that time Lefty was flying coastal patrol on the lookout for German submarines, thick along our shore then. He was using a light sports plane, single-motored, and he was 100 miles at sea and it was winter. Engine failure meant goodbye and no argument. Down there, cruising on the surface, he spotted a German sub. Quickly he radioed, calling bombers to the kill. But he saw they wouldn't make it—the sub had started to crash dive. So Lefty got out his wire-cutters and cut loose the depth charge slung under his fuselage. It was a near-miss, but that's good enough

with a depth bomb. One sub was subtracted.

On another flight he marked down a floating mine directly in the course of one of our big troop convoys. His warning turned the ships aside just in time.

Lefty flew Mexican border patrol. There's a lot of territory to be watched, and there's only one way it can really be covered and that's from the air. Bad *hombres*, who meant us no good, tried to sneak across frequent-like. Lefty flew so low he could read the license numbers on their autos. If they did not turn back, they were met by a reception committee of U. S. marshals, summoned by Lefty.

Lefty lost count himself of the number of rescues of fellow aviators he made—airmen down at sea or crashed deep in a forest or desert. He helped save lives and property in forest fires

A low-flying light plane searching terrain where larger ships find it too risky to venture.

and floods. And he and his trusty plane were always ready when blood plasma or blueprints or machine parts, urgently needed, had to be rushed somewhere.

Some of his missions Lefty liked to call believe-it-or-not jobs. When the need for scrap metal was direst, he was able to contribute considerable tonnage. Flying over isolated regions, he had spotted old iron bridges and abandoned mining machinery which everyone had forgotten. Also Lefty actually became a wildfowl herdsman, shooing flocks gently away with his plane from crops which they had been destroying. Meat rationing would be worse than it is if it weren't for Lefty's aerial hunts for the wolves and coyotes attacking livestock.

Quite a man, Lefty? Yes, but best admit now that he is a composite. But so are Superman, Flash Gordon, and the other adventure strip heroes.

Lefty and his accomplishments are a composite of the men and missions of the Civil Air Patrol, that remarkable organization which was formed December 1, 1941, to mobilize our civil airmen, with their planes and equipment, for wartime duties. And were they needed!

We were so disgracefully unprepared in the air—as elsewhere—that it is fair to call our situation a desperate national crisis, which is exactly what Gen. H. H. Arnold, Commanding General, Army Air Forces, has called it. To



help meet that crisis, CAP flew 24 million miles over water and spotted 173 subs; 30,000 airplane hours of border patrol along the Rio Grande; thousands of miles a day on courier service and towing aerial targets; search and disaster relief missions, and mock raids where it dropped leaflets labeled, "This might have been a bomb." In so doing, CAP served the country and saved civilian aviation from being grounded for the duration.

Some of those services now are Civil Air Patrol history; they were taken over by the Armed Forces when CAP became an auxiliary of the AAF in 1943. Others continue to be capably performed, for CAP will carry on strongly through the war, and no let-down. More, its activities may well

carry on through into peace, for the advancement of aviation in all its phases is a principal objective.

This Civil Air Patrol is organized into a wing command in each state, under the direction of a national commander appointed by the AAF. The wings direct local units composed of civilian volunteers who render part-time service in uniform without pay. More than 125,000 adults and cadets are active members. Some 75,000 former members now are serving in the Armed Forces or war industries. Every one of them had a headstart and was better prepared because of his training with the Patrol.

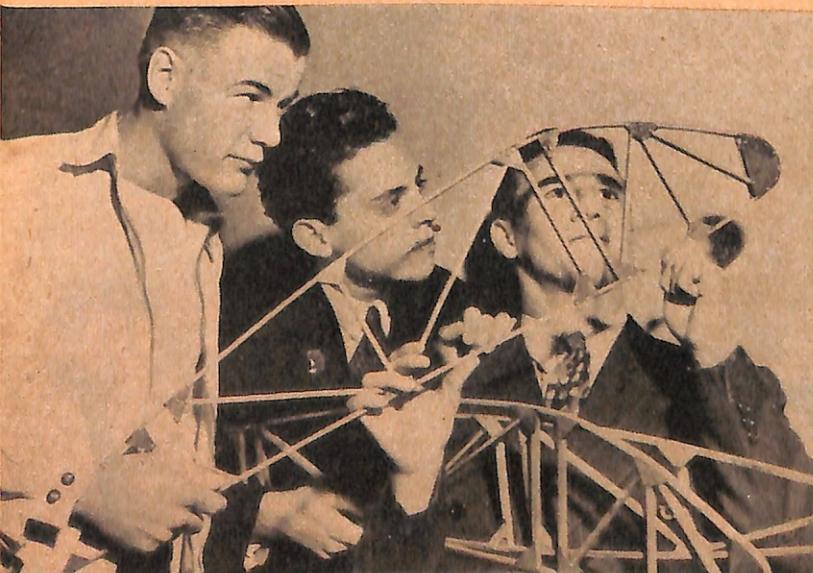
There's a staff of Air Corps officers at CAP National Headquarters in New (Continued on page 32)

Caps off to CAP whose activities read like an adventure strip.

By Fairfax Downey

At left: Pre-military age boys receive valuable training under the CAP.

Below: Women as well as men take a very active interest in the Civil Air Patrol.



NEW YEAR'S DAY, January 1, 1942, was gloomy enough in Manila. The American Army organization had gone to Bataan, leaving Manila an open city. Huge clouds of dark smoke still blackened the skies on the east where the oil tanks at Pandacan were yet burning sluggishly. Down in the Port Area fires had been started on the piers to burn up supplies of every conceivable kind that the Army couldn't take along with them. It had appeared expedient and reasonable to turn these supplies over to the Filipinos or to anyone else who could get them away, rather than to destroy them uselessly by fire, and at first sight this appeared to be just common sense and decency, but it led to an orgy of rioting, looting, and plundering by the lawless elements in the city, who appeared in such numbers that the local police, already thoroughly demoralized by the evacuation of the Army and the certainty of the Japanese entrance, were utterly unable to cope with them.

This was the situation that confronted the 40-odd men who were still living at the Elks lodge home on January 1. Most of them were regular residents at the clubhouse, with all their belongings in their own rooms; some had come in from Cavite when the Army left, and others were visiting Brothers who had been caught without hotel accommodations. The Filipino house-boys and room-boys still remained on the job, and the club staff of native servants was practically intact. To their eternal credit, so far as I know, not a single boy quit his job or left his post despite the disorder in the city and the need to provide for their own families.

The Elks lodge home is only a stone's throw from the Army and Navy Club which had been completely abandoned by its native staff when the officers and residents there had moved out with the

THE FALL OF MANILA LODGE

**A member of Manila
Lodge tells this dramatic story
of its capture by the Japs.**

By William F. Boericke

Army. Almost immediately the pillagers began to appear and the looting commenced. There was little we could do to protect our neighbor's property. We had no weapons; appeals to the police brought no response, and we had our own building to consider, inadequately protected with sandbags, and a few baseball bats for us, the only

weapons we could get hold of. However, we did manage to salvage the fine old clock that was so prized at the Army and Navy Club, as well as some of their canned food which was added to our own supply. Everything was piled hastily into one of our reception rooms, later to be inventoried and stored—as we then hoped.

WELL, YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH BAYONETS



Illustrated By
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

January 2 saw the looting extended on a wider scale. The rioters were getting bolder. Grocery stores were being broken into, windows smashed, doors demolished. The streets were filled with vehicles of every description, anything on wheels, from roller skates to carrematas, piled high with loot. It began to look doubtful if we could succeed in holding off marauders from the Elks clubhouse. We had organized among us regular groups of men who acted as guards for two-hour shifts after dark until morning, but across the streets we didn't like the looks of several gangs that were eying us speculatively.

Frankly, while we didn't want to see the Japs enter the city, we were prepared for it, and we did believe that with their coming some sort of order would be re-established. We knew it had to happen, and after nearly a week of sleeplessness, uncertainty and disorder, almost any change that promised a stop to the rioting and violence would be welcomed. And so, when the first column of the Japanese advanced across the Luneta about four o'clock in the afternoon of January 2, I think most of us felt something akin to relief.

Within an hour a Japanese officer ap-

peared at the club and we were ordered to assemble in the office. He didn't know exactly what a club represented, but upon our assuring him with all positivity that we had no firearms of any description among us—which was Bible truth—he told us to remain quietly indoors and await further instructions. In the meantime no one was permitted to leave the club building; even the houseboys were forbidden to go, or, if they had left, to re-enter. To make things certain, a Jap guard with fixed bayonet was stationed outside the club grounds.

However, the next day passed without incident. Aside from having no news—of course the telephone had been cut off—it wasn't a bad day. The city had quieted down. The Japanese Army had taken over the Army and Navy Club—what there was left of it—but it brought them too close to us for comfort. We passed the time by moving all of our canned goods to the basement for inventorying. It was a sizable job. We figured we had enough food on hand to provide for us for several months. Meantime we had to face the situation with such philosophy as we could muster.

Then it happened, on January 4th. A

AS WE DROVE AWAY THE LITTLE FILIPINO BOYS HELD UP TWO FINGERS TO MAKE A V SIGN AS WE WENT PAST.

small detail of Japanese officers filed quietly into the Secretary's office of the club, flanked by a couple of chunky looking soldiers who were not too careful with their bayonets, and a "proclamation" was read to us, which informed us that we were to be accommodated "in a safe place for our protection", and that we were to vacate the club premises immediately, which was to be taken over for the Army. And that was that. "You will pack a few things in a bag, enough for three or four days and take along a little food." Apparently this was to allay anxiety that we were leaving the clubhouse for good and all, and indeed it was repeated again that our "protective custody" was to be only temporary.

We inquired if we could have time to eat some lunch before leaving for parts unknown. The answer was No, period. Some caustic remarks were made by the Japanese interpreter, whose hour of triumph had certainly arrived, to the fact that when he had been interned by the Filipinos some weeks earlier, he hadn't eaten for thirty-six hours. Possibly this was true.

(Continued on page 40)



President Harry S. Truman

Elks Flag Day Report to the Nation

PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN will deliver a special message to the Order of Elks on Flag Day. The President, who is a member of Kansas City Lodge No. 26, has given this assurance to a Committee of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, consisting of James R. Nicholson, Bruce A. Campbell and James T. Hallinan, who called on the President at the instance of Dr. Robert South Barrett, Grand Exalted Ruler, whose presence was prevented by previous commitments to subordinate lodges, to arrange for the presentation, on June 14, of a Report to the Nation of the war activities of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The Report to the Nation, compiled by the Elks War Commission, will be presented to the 50 Senators and 205

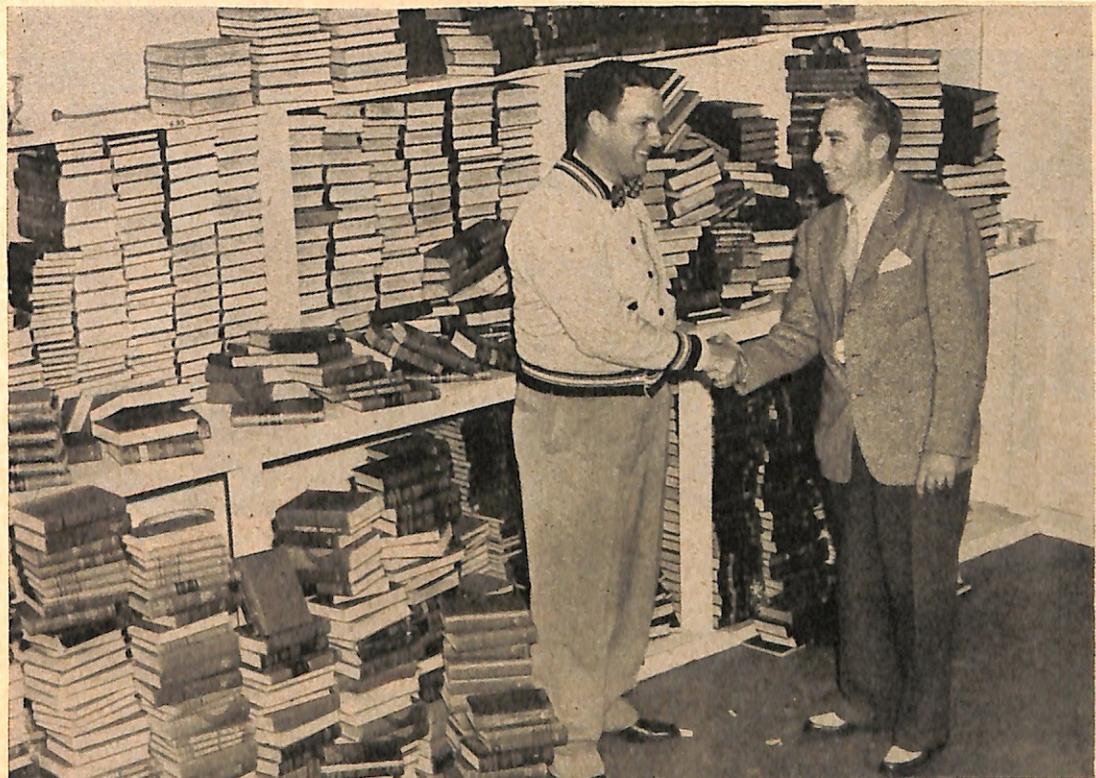
Representatives, who are members of the Order, at a special ceremony to be held in the Caucus Room, of the United States Senate. A selected group will then proceed to the White House where Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett will present to President Harry S. Truman, a copy of the Report to the Nation. The President has prepared a special Flag Day message for his Brother Elks, and for the people of our Country. This message will be released for transmission it is hoped in time to reach every lodge in the Order that it may become a part of this year's Flag Day ceremony.

To the Elks every day is Flag Day. The Flag is flown every day in the year from the home of every Elk Lodge; its folds lie "in silken benediction" upon every Elk altar; its ideals are im-

pressed upon every Elks' heart. But in this year of victory, the European War ended, the Jap fighting a defensive war on the threshold of his own homeland, the "rising sun" sinking slowly but surely below the horizon of the Pacific, Flag Day should be the greatest of all days. A day of solemn rejoicing and prayerful thanksgiving, for the approaching end of the war which has spread sorrow and desolation over the face of the earth. It is a day when all mankind may look hopefully towards the dawn of a day of peace and good will.

The Order warmly welcomes and urgently requests the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and other patriotic organizations, many of whose members are also Elks, to join in this tribute to our Flag.

THE *Elks* IN THE **WAR**

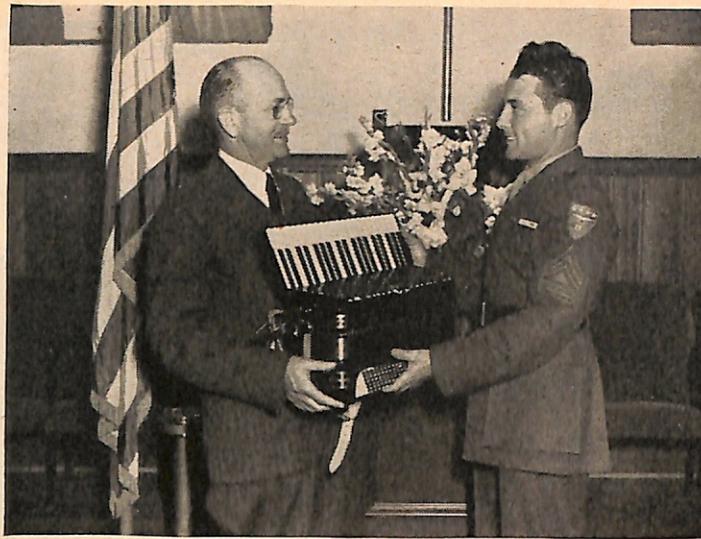


Above: Soldiers and sailors who participated in the celebration commemorating the first year's operation of Oakland, Calif., Lodge's Elks Dormitory for Servicemen.

Left: E.R. Al Walden, at right, congratulates Robert Heiken, Chairman of the Merchant Marine Book Drive for Marysville, Calif., Lodge on the fine work done by him and his committee in collecting more than 3,200 books.

Below: Lt. Comm. Ray MacArthur, nephew of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, after being initiated into Inglewood, Calif., Lodge. E.R. Burt Brooks presented him with a special Manila-MacArthur Class card.





Above: E.R. B. R. Griffith of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge presents a fine accordion to Marine Master Sergeant Emilio E. Sutti to replace one which was destroyed in battle on the Marshall Islands.



Above: P.E.R. Earl Lovejoy, Chairman of Detroit, Mich., Lodge's War Bond Committee, center, purchasing \$15,000 in Bonds from Norman Hill of the U. S. Treasury Department. Irvine J. Unger, Treasurer of the lodge, looks on.



Above: Standing behind some of the more than 2,000 books contributed to the Merchant Marine by Ann Arbor, Mich., Lodge are D.D. and acting E.R. Judge Jay H. Payne and P.E.R. and Secretary Irwin E. Stoll.

Left: Patients at Lawson General Hospital using one of the four miniature bowling alleys donated to the Hospital by Atlanta, Decatur, East Point and Buckhead, Ga., Lodges.

Below: Comm. Jack Dempsey, U.S.C.G., of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge who was guest speaker at a luncheon held at the home of Bronx, N.Y., Lodge. On Comm. Dempsey's right is E.R. Andrew C. McCarthy of Bronx Lodge.



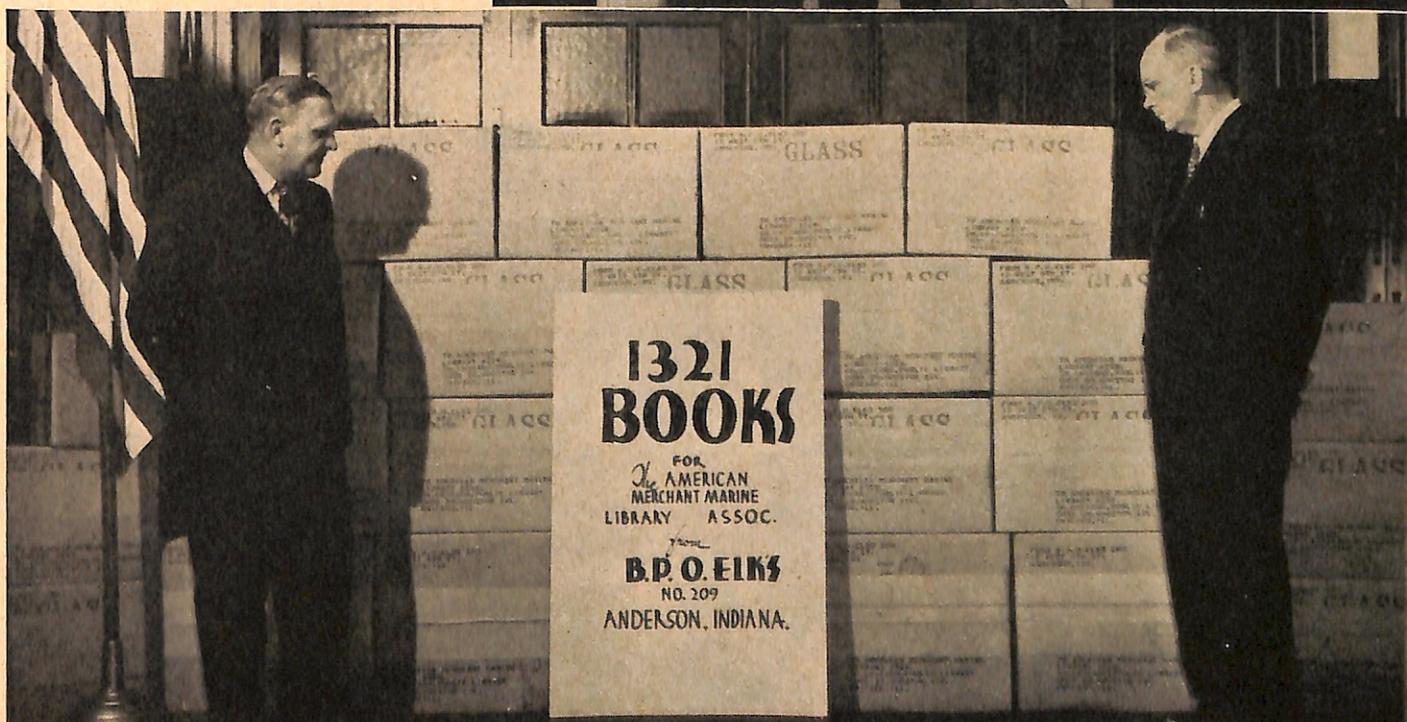
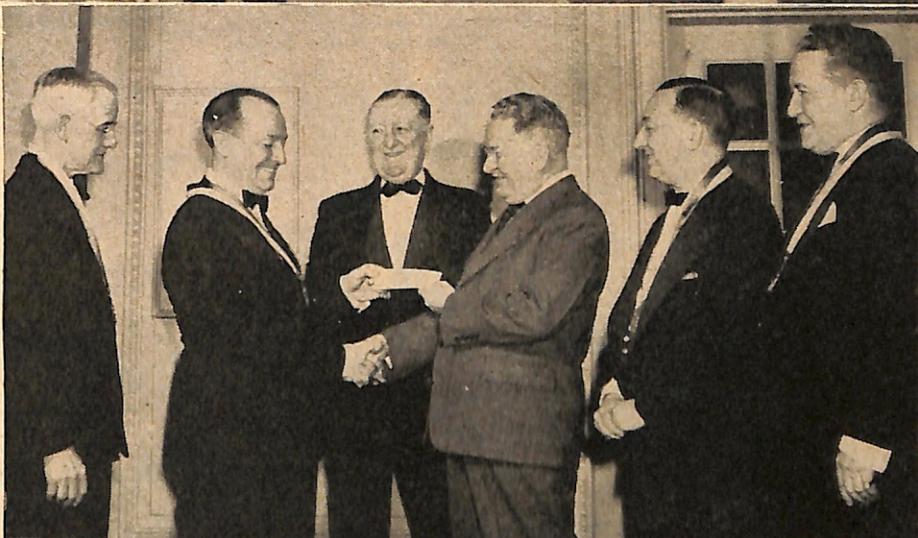


Above: Col. Robert M. Watkins, Western States representative of the Elks War Commission, center, discussing plans with the officers and members of San Diego, Calif., Lodge's War Commission.

Right: As the officers of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge smile with approval E.R. James P. Dolan presents to William M. Frasor, Special Deputy, a check for one thousand dollars for the Elks War Commission.

Below: Standing beside the sign which is self-explanatory, are Kenneth Ellington, Secretary of Anderson, Indiana, Lodge, on the left, and E.R. William Heuchans, Chairman of the drive.

(Continued on page 25)



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Birthday Classes

ODGES throughout the country, in appreciation of Dr. Robert South Barrett, initiated classes in honor of his birthday. Since there were hundreds of these observations, we regret that it is impossible for us to publish pictures of them. However, on these pages appear photographs of three of the Birthday Parties the Grand Exalted Ruler attended in person.

Typical of the celebrations were those which are described in this story.

Below are left to right, J. Frank Umnstot, D.D. for Florida, West, of Tampa Lodge, Dan Roth, E.R. Miami Beach Lodge, G.E.R. Dr. Robert South Barrett, and Val C. Cleary, D.D. for Florida, East, of Miami Beach Lodge during the birthday party given Dr. Barrett by Miami Beach Lodge.

On March 28th the Grand Exalted Ruler left his winter home in St. Petersburg, Fla., for ATLANTA, where the observance of his birthday had long been planned. He was met at the station by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and a score of officers and Past Exalted Rulers and escorted to the home of P.E.R. Orvis Roberts where a real southern breakfast of fried chicken, grits, corn pudding and hot rolls was served by Mrs. Roberts. At noon he was

the guest at a luncheon given by the Directors of the Florence Crittenton Home where a birthday cake was the pièce de résistance and at one o'clock at a luncheon given by Atlanta Lodge No. 78. At the latter affair the officers of many other Georgia lodges were present. Robert J. Alander, District Deputy for Georgia, West, was also a guest.

At six o'clock Atlanta Lodge was the host at a birthday dinner given at the Biltmore Hotel. Sixty guests were seated at a table beautifully decorated with Spring flowers, in the center of which was an elaborately iced cake lighted by many candles. The meeting of the lodge followed and a huge gathering saw Exalted Ruler W. E. Spivey and his officers initiate a class of 54 in an impressive manner. Judge McClelland introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler as "an Atlanta boy who has made good and who has come back home," referring to the guest's school days spent in Atlanta. Dr. Barrett was visibly affected by the magnificent tribute given him as he rose to speak on the part Elkdom is taking in winning the war. At the conclusion of his address he was presented with a personal gift in the shape of a \$100 War Bond and a check for \$1,000 for the Elks War Commission. A buffet supper at the Elks home followed.

On March 30th the Grand Exalted Ruler's actual birthday was celebrated in CHATTANOOGA, TENN., which is not far from Sewanee, his Alma Mater. It was a day full of interesting events. He was met at the station by a large delegation of Elks from all over Tennessee, headed by Col. Milton B. Ochs, Publisher of *The Chattanooga Times*. At noon he was the guest of the Board of Trustees of the Florence Crittenton Home and cut the beautiful cake which adorned the center of the table. At the luncheon he referred to the fact that the handsome building of the Crittenton Home was almost entirely due to Chattanooga Lodge of Elks which had sponsored the drive for funds to erect it. At four o'clock a cocktail party was given in his honor at the Read House and at six o'clock the official banquet took place in the lodge room of Chattanooga Lodge No. 91. It was by far the biggest affair ever held in the history of the lodge, more than 450 guests being present. The room was handsomely decorated, the center of attraction being a massive birthday cake, five feet high, weighing 50 pounds and adorned with 68 candles. When the guest of honor cut it the diners rose en masse and sang "Happy Birthday to You". An address of welcome was delivered by Mayor E. D. Bass, a Past Exalted Ruler, who stated that in his long career as Mayor he had never welcomed a guest whom he admired so highly as he did Dr. Barrett. The room was cleared and Exalted Ruler Wendell D. Hill and his officers impressively initiated a class of 60 candidates.



At left: Dr. Barrett sitting at the head of the table during a visit to Charleston, S.C., Lodge. Standing behind the Grand Exalted Ruler are, left to right, Henry Tecklenburg, P.E.R., Treasurer; D.D. P.E.R. James P. Furlong, Henry Lee, Entertainment Committee Chairman, E.R. Robert M. Wood and P.E.R. J. Vincent Price.

Brief addresses were given by Alfred T. Levine, President of the Tennessee State Elk Association, and Albert G. Heins, District Deputy for Tenn. East. W. H. Mustaine, Past Grand Inner Guard, was among those present. Dr. Barrett was presented with a \$100 War Bond by Exalted Ruler Hill as a gift from the lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's return to his home in ST. PETERSBURG on Easter morning was the occasion of a splendid affair in honor of his birthday. A huge sign "Welcome Home and Happy Birthday" was hung on the outside of the lodge building. Dr. and Mrs. Barrett were guests at a cocktail party and dinner given at the "Chatterbox" at five o'clock at which were present the officers of the lodge and their wives. J. Frank Umstot, District Deputy for Florida, West, and Mrs. Umstot, and Victor Wehle, Past District Deputy and Mrs. Wehle were also guests. At the lodge meeting which was an "all-state meeting" because of the attendance of some 150 visiting Brothers from all parts of the Country, Dr. Barrett installed the newly elected officers of No. 1224. It was the first time any of the members had ever seen the installation ceremony conducted without the use of

the printed Ritual. In his address which followed Dr. Barrett called attention to the great progress made by St. Petersburg Lodge during the past year under the administration of Exalted Ruler Jack H. Conover. One hundred and twenty new members were added to the rolls, the mortgage on the building was paid off and the lodge contributed to many worthwhile projects. Dr. Barrett was presented with a \$50 War Bond. Mrs. Barrett received a handsome handbag of rare woods from newly installed Exalted Ruler Lee Hayman, and retiring Exalted Ruler Conover was the recipient of a reclining chair from the lodge. A buffet supper for members of the lodge and their families followed.

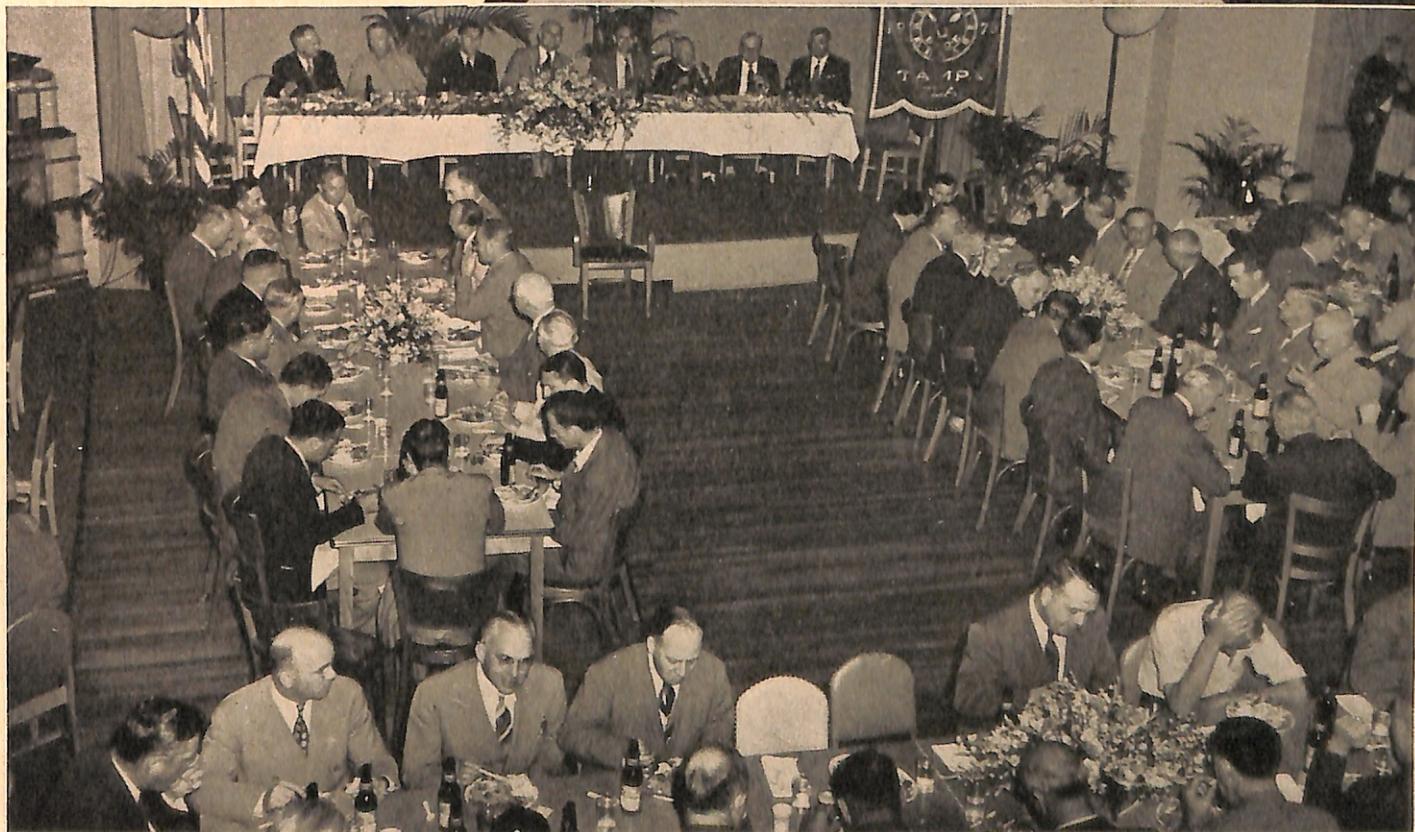
At the present writing, it is estimated by Dr. Barrett and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters that 25,000 men have been received into the Order as a direct result of this tribute to Grand Exalted Ruler

Barrett. Credit should be given State Pres. Alfred T. Levine of Nashville, Tenn., who first suggested this plan to observe Dr. Barrett's birthday in such an exemplary manner.

A few of the other lodges which initiated classes in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's birthday are: West Palm Beach, Miami Beach and Tampa, Fla.; Terre Haute, Ind.; Lincoln, Neb.; Wichita, Kans.; Washington, D. C.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Seattle, Wash.; Toledo, Ohio; Champaign, Ill.; Saginaw, Mich.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Allegheny, Pa.; Boise, Idaho; Denver, Colo.; Laramie, Wyo.; Spokane, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; Houston, Tex.; Queens Borough, N. Y.; Lynchburg, Va.; Louisville, Ky.; Birmingham, Ala.; Phoenix, Ariz.; Charleston, S. C.; Eugene, Ore.; Bloomsburg, Pa.; Fairbanks, Alaska; Watertown, S. D.; Jersey City, N. J.; Clifton, Ariz.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Delta, Colo., and Detroit, Mich.

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett cutting his birthday cake during his visit to Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge. Left to right are Alfred T. Levine, Pres. Tennessee State Elks Association, Dr. Barrett, E.R. Wendell D. Hill, and Albert G. Heins, D.D. for Tennessee, East.

Below: Photograph of a recent luncheon tendered to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Tampa, Fla., Lodge. At the speakers table are, left to right: Doyle Carlton, former Governor of Florida, Col. Horton, D.D. J. Frank Umstot, Dr. Barrett, E.R. L. D. Simmons, Dr. George Bennett, Chaplain, Col. Ed Lambright and Ralph M. Marsicaro.



Under the ANTLERS



**News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order**

HAMPTON, VA. The people of the Lower Peninsula within the jurisdiction of Hampton Lodge No. 366 now have use of an iron lung, the only one in the area, bought by the lodge at a cost of \$1,500. The lung was presented at formal ceremonies by P.E.R. Ross A. Kearney, P.D.D., and officially accepted by George B. Colonna, Chairman of the Dixie Hos-

pital's Board of Trustees. A demonstration of its workings was made for the benefit of the Board of Directors and officers and members of the lodge.

Because of its size, the lung is not portable but at Dixie Hospital it is available for use at all times as a resuscitator, although its principal use is for treatment of victims of infantile paralysis.

HARTFORD, CONN., Lodge, No. 19, has forwarded over a ton of books to the Merchant Marine. Most of the 2,500 volumes are on the "must" list of those in the know. P.E.R. Alfred B. Pimm personally accounted for 900 books.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Lodge, No. 325, shipped out more than 2,000 good books for the use of the Merchant Marine and Coast Guard, supporting this drive as it has all of the Elks War Commission's programs and its community projects.

State Vice-Pres. Jay H. Payne, D.D., has substituted as Exalted Ruler for E.R. James O. Kelly, serving in the U. S. Navy.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Lodge, No. 307, decided three years ago to present some special piece of needed apparatus to a local hospital each year. The latest is an \$800 infant incubator, bought for the Memorial Hospital months ago when Arthur H. Clarke, Jr., was Exalted Ruler, but delivered only recently because war conditions prevented its delivery any earlier. The presentation was made on March 31, with Mr. Clarke as speaker and R. R. M. Carpenter accepting for the Hospital's Board of Trustees. E.R. Leon J. Buckley and his officers and Chairman Thurston Lowe and members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, through whose efforts the incubator was obtained, took part in the ceremonies. Previous gifts were a \$500 adjustable operating room lamp for St. Francis Hospital and a respirator for Wilmington General Hospital.



At left is a photograph taken at a recent dinner given by New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge. In the usual order are Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, Past State President James A. Farley, Past Exalted Ruler, Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, Exalted Ruler Mayor Stanley Church and retiring E.R. State Senator J. Raymond McGovern.



Below are honored guests and the class initiated by Columbia City, Ind., Lodge in honor of the State's new Governor, Ralph F. Gates. Grand Esquire Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Lodge represented the Grand Lodge.



Above is a picture of members of Chehalis, Wash., Lodge taken during a banquet to celebrate the burning of their mortgage.

GALENA, ILL., Lodge, No. 882, stepped into the limelight recently when it presented a minstrel show before an audience so large that chairs had to be placed here and there to accommodate the crowd. Every act was strictly "minstrel", and entertaining to the 'nth degree.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, entertained veteran members on its "Old Timers Night" when each honored guest was presented with a 25-year pin. E.R. Henry W. Quinn sponsored the affair as the swan song of his administration.

When most men are perfectly happy to sit on the sidelines, 77-year-old John Winans has taken over as Exalted Ruler of No. 885. Pressed into service as Est. Loyal Knight when one of the officers was called to the Colors, Mr. Winans proved his ability. In the six days after his own installation, he attended five other ceremonies.

Charlie Lamperti, anchorman for both of the lodge's bowling teams, won his sixth consecutive average championship in the N. J. Elks Central League, and placed second in the State League.

At right are members of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge's basketball team.

Below are members of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge who attended its "Old Timers Night" recently. The evening was sponsored by retiring Exalted Ruler Henry W. Quinn.



Pictured at the mortgage burning ceremony at Nutley, N. J., Lodge above are left to right, Hugh Halliday, a Charter Member, E.R. Andrew Hutch, P.E.R. Edward H. Yerg, P.E.R. William T. Maxwell, Wilson O. Davis, a Charter Member, and P.E.R. George B. Harris, Jr.





At left: P.G.E.R. Michael F. Shannon places Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge's mortgage in the fire while E.R. Norvell Bass smilingly approves. Vincent H. Grotcott, V.P. State Elks Assn. and chairman of the event, stands at speakers table.



SHENANDOAH, Pa. News has been received of the death of P.E.R. John G. Thumm of Shenandoah Lodge No. 945, Dean of Past District Deputies for Pa., N.E., and Inner Guard of the Pa. State Elks Assn. for the past 23 years. Burial took place in Allentown where he had been hospitalized for several weeks.

Mr. Thumm was widely known throughout the State, having been in the employ of Armour & Company for the past 43 years as sales superintendent of the canned and prepared food department in eastern Pennsylvania. Since the organization of the Elks Northeast District eight years ago he had served as

Below at left is R. R. M. Carpenter, Chairman of the Board of the Memorial Hospital receiving a check for an incubator from P.E.R. Arthur H. Clarke, Jr., of Wilmington, Del., Lodge. Left to right are P.E.R. Clarke, Mr. Carpenter, Thurston Lowe, and E.R. Leon Buckley.

Inner Guard and Chairman of the Publicity Committee. His affability and cheery disposition won for him a host of friends. His many charitable contributions were little known to the general public, it being his desire that no publicity be given them. Elk charities—national, state or local—benefited through his generosity. To St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Allentown he gave the new chancel, two beautiful silk flags with staffs and holders and the hymnals, and he contributed handsomely toward the purchase of an organ.

Allentown Lodge No. 130 held funeral services at the Trexler Funeral Home on the Sunday evening preceding interment at Union Cemetery. The State Association was represented by Vice-Pres. Charles V. Hogan of Pottsville Lodge.

OAKMONT, PA., Lodge, No. 1668, came into being on March 25th at the home of New Kensington Lodge No. 512. A group of Grand Lodge officers, with D.D. Clarence A. Shook of Uniontown and P.E.R. F. J. Schrader of Allegheny Lodge, assistant to the Grand Secretary, who acted as Grand Esquire and represented the Grand Exalted Ruler, were there to give the new lodge and its membership of 115 leading citizens a fine send-off.

A banquet was served for the 450 Elks who were welcomed by Past State Pres. M. F. Horne, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, State Pres. W. P. Baird, Past Pres. Ralph C. Robinson, and Otto R. Grotfend, Pres. of the South District, of which the new lodge is now a member, were a few of those who spoke.

At left is a photograph made during the official visit of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight F. Eugene Dayton to Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge. Among those present were, left to right, P.G.E.R. Michael F. Shannon, E.R. Fred J. Tabery, P.E.R. W. F. Reynolds of Manila Lodge, Lt. Ralph Johnson, recently released from a Jap prison camp, Mr. Dayton and P.G.E.R. Floyd Thompson.

Below is a picture of the Charles H. Grakelow Class initiated by Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge. In the center of the second row are Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow and E.R. John F. Bessemer.





The first thing the new lodge did was pass a resolution authorizing the purchase of a \$1,000 Honorary Founder's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation, and Mr. Schrader received a check for \$100 as first payment on it.

CHEHALIS, WASH., Lodge, No. 1374, got a load off its chest recently when it burned the mortgage on its home—something that's been worrying those Elks for 24 years. On this happy occasion, the members and their guests enjoyed a delicious dinner and exceptionally fine entertainment.

P.E.R. Emmett T. Anderson of Tacoma Lodge, a member of the Elks War Commission, told of meeting refugees from the Philippines in San Francisco, and of hearing these people's praise of the work the Elks are doing for their Brothers rescued in that area. District Deputy K. M. Kennell, another Tacoma Elk, complimented the lodge on its accomplishment and P.E.R. Mayor L. A. Vimont, who presided, called on the other P.E.R.'s to take a bow for what they had done to achieve this goal.

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, lined the pockets of a great many charitable organizations of the Borough at a meeting on March 27th when Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, made the welcoming address. Gifts amounting to \$75,000 were distributed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, while Supreme Court Justice Frank F. Adel, P.E.R., responded on behalf of the beneficiaries. In the past three years the Queens Borough Elks have given \$156,000 to charity.

No. 878 was praised by Capt. E. B. Harp, Jr., senior Chaplain of St. Albans Naval Hospital, for what it has done for the veterans there, and Judge Hallinan complimented P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch, General Chairman of the bazaar last November which made these donations possible.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson accepted, as Chairman of the Elks War Commission, a check for \$4,025, and Municipal Court Justice John F. Scileppi, Chairman of the War Service Committee, received a check for \$15,000

Above are 38 members of the "George E. Chambers Thanksgiving Class" initiated by Beaumont, Tex., Lodge. Carl R. Mann, D.D. for Texas, Southeast, and a group of Tri-Cities, Tex., Lodge officers officiated.

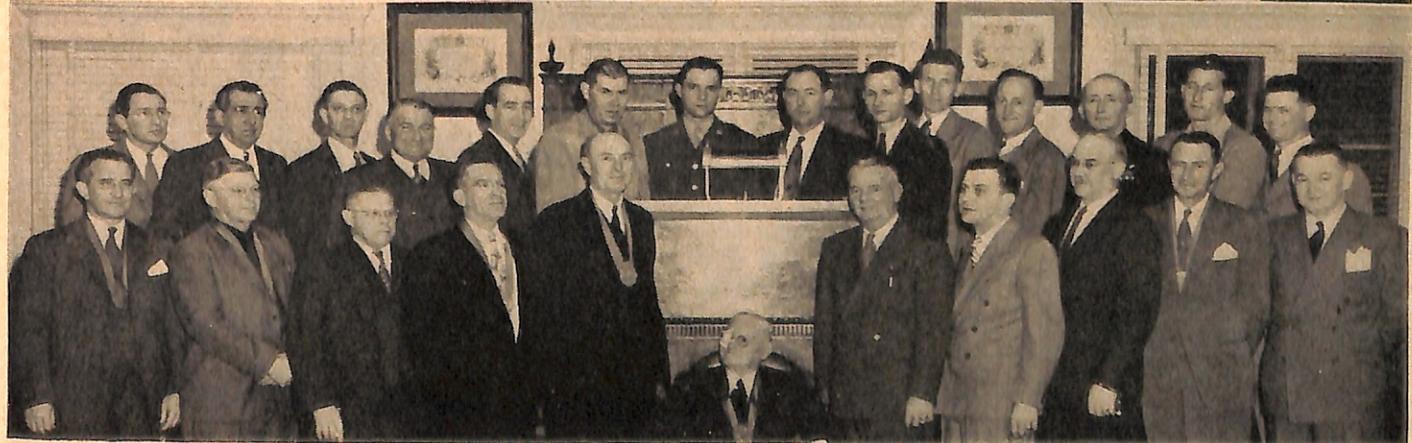
for Queens Borough Elks in Service and another for \$6,000—\$1,800 of which goes to the lodge's social program and the remainder for maintenance of the Elmhurst Center. A \$15,000 check for the charity and relief fund of the lodge was given to E.R.-elect William R. L. Cook and the same amount went to Judge Wenzel for rehabilitation of members in the Service.

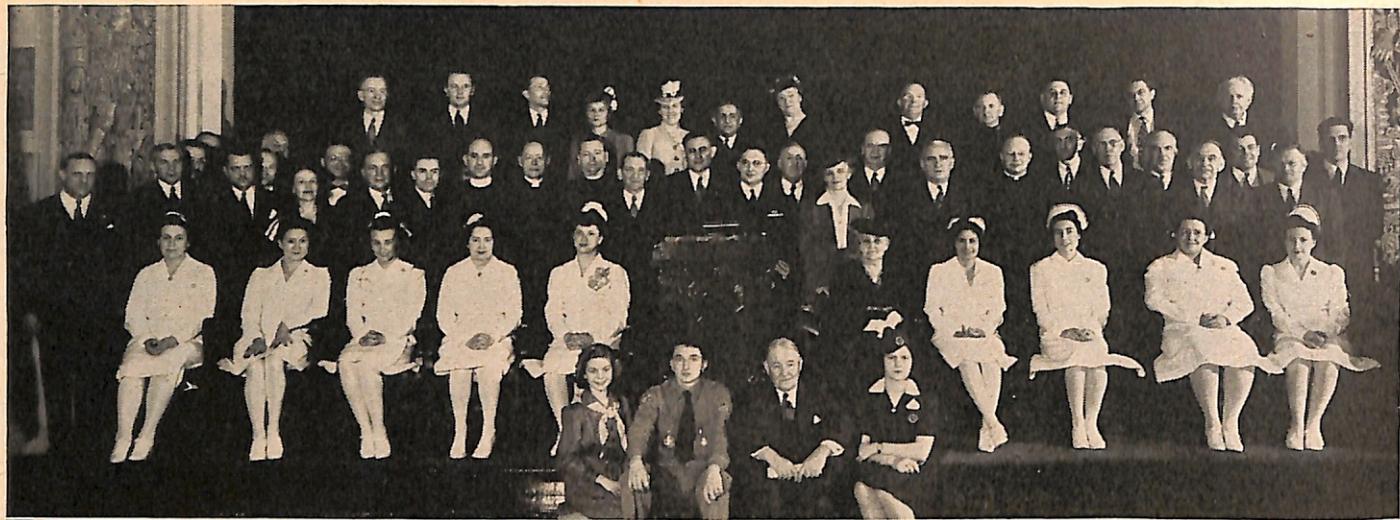
A list of the beneficiaries and the amounts they received follows:

St. Albans Hospital	\$1,000
St. John's Hospital	1,000
St. Anthony's Hospital	1,000
Flushing Hospital	1,000
Rockaway Beach Hospital	1,000
Wyckoff Heights Hospital	1,000
Queens General Hospital	1,000
St. Joseph's Hospital	1,000
Jamaica Hospital	1,000
Queens Council, Boy Scouts	750
Central Chapter of the Red Cross	500

At right are some of the members of the Junior League basketball team sponsored by Claremont, N. H., Lodge.

Below are officers, members and initiates during a Past Exalted Rulers Meeting held by Tucson, Ariz., Lodge. The occasion was observed by voting \$750 to the Red Cross and \$18,000 to purchase a building for a teen age canteen which Tucson Lodge is sponsoring.





Above is the group that participated in the ceremonies held in conjunction with the distribution of gifts amounting to \$75,000 by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, made the welcoming address.

Leading Elks from every one of the New England States took part in the testimonial dinner given Grand Treasurer John F. Burke. In the picture at left are Mr. Burke, Toastmaster P.E.R. Harry A. McGrath of Winchester, Mass., Lodge and chairman Past Pres. of the Massachusetts State Elks Association William F. Hogan.

Salvation Army
North Shore Chapter of the Red Cross
Child Service League of Queens
Ottilie Home in Queens
United Hospital Fund
House of Calvary
Queens Girl Scouts
Queens Community Service Society
Queens Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children

500	Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor	250
500	Queens Visiting Nurse Service	250
400	Queens Speech and Hearing	200
350	Beach Haven Convalescent Home for Cardiac	
350	Children	100
300	Y.W.C.A.	100
250	Queensboro Tuberculosis and Health Association	100
250	Israel Orphan Home of Rockaway	100
250	St. Albans Canteen	100

Three \$1,000 gifts were made to charities of three faiths—Queens Catholic Charities, Queens Federation of Protestant Charities and the Flushing Free Synagogue and Queens Jewish Charities. Checks for \$250 were to go to the National War Fund and the Greater New York Fund, while the Seeing Eye Foundation and the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation will each receive \$100.

(Continued on page 47)

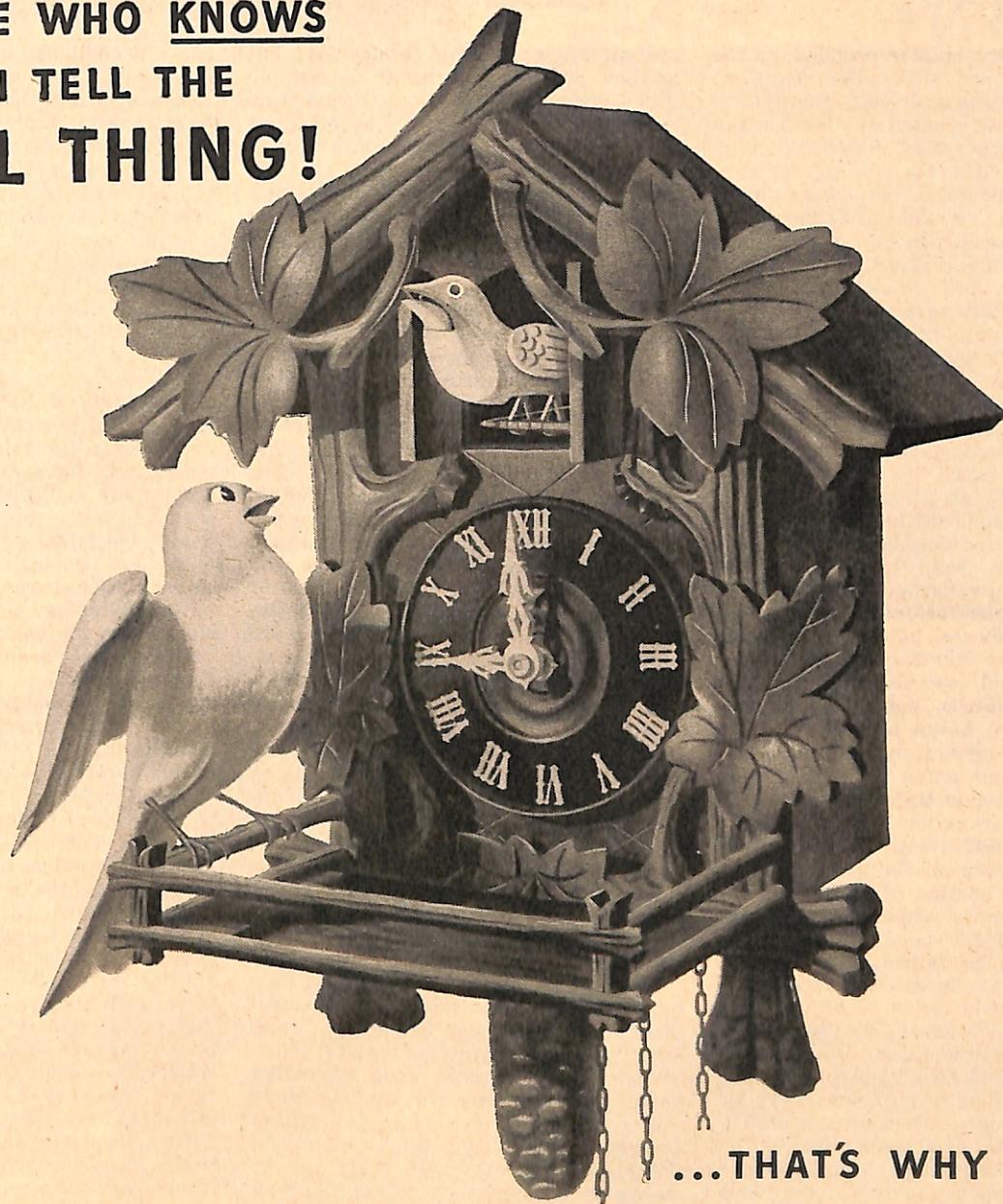
At left, E.R. George T. Farrell, Oakmont, Pa., Lodge presents to F. J. Schrader, acting on behalf of the G.E.R., a check in initial payment on an Honorary Founder's Certificate. Left to right: Wilbur P. Baird, State President, Ralph C. Robinson, Past State President, E.R. Farrell, Mr. Schrader and D.D. Clarence A. Shook.

Below is the class recently initiated by Providence, R. I., Lodge. In the front row center are P.G.E.R. John F. Malley, retiring E.R. Charles F. Moran, Grand Treasurer John F. Burke and D.D. Dr. Edward C. Morin.



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The Army that Will Come Home

(Continued from page 5)

bearded combat soldier prodded by the bayonet of an M.P. The caption: "We're right behind you, Buddy!"

But the rear-echelon soldier leads a life that only a combat man could envy. If he's enlisted grade, he sleeps on a sheetless, pillowless cot; lives in a floorless tent or unheated barracks; shaves and washes in cold water; gets rationed candy, cigarettes and soft drinks. He eats monotonous food, works long hours seven days a week at a job he didn't pick. When he gets a pass, he often finds he is barred from the gayest places. A recent cartoon in the "Stars and Stripes" shows two GI's peering wistfully at an attractive village. One is saying, "It's either enemy-held or Off Limits."

Officers in rear areas are probably billeted in hotels with little heat, no elevators, and, of course, no room service, telephone, soap or towels. The plumbing is always undependable. We have held Naples for over a year, but in the largest officers' hotel, water never runs to the top four floors; in an elaborate Rome hotel, reserved for general officers and colonels, hot water is supplied only two hours a week. As for food, even in officers' messes far to the rear, butter and coffee are served once a day, the latter in tin cups.

But to the front line soldier all this, of course, is soft living. For weeks on end he may sleep on the ground, without a bath, a change of clothes, a hot meal or an hour's sense of safety. He knows that every road on which he marches may be mined, every object he touches may be a booby trap. He has seen his pals blown to bits in horrible death which missed him by inches. Afraid? Of course he is, and he feels no shame. Only a fool wouldn't be. Still, he must stay right in there slugging for periods which exceed all reasonable estimates of human endurance.

And yet, in Southern France where men were being evacuated to hospitals in Italy, I heard men trying to pull strings which would keep them near their unit. "If they get me back to Italy," the common remark went, "it will be a long time before I rejoin the outfit." These men did not want to go back into combat; but they would not accept even the best excuse for abandoning their friends in the line.

Occasionally a man cracks under the strain. But those who have been through the mill never judge him harshly. They blame the circumstances which kept him in the line so long.

"I'm 24 and I feel 54," a captain from the crack outfit told me. "After the stuff I've seen, I don't blame any man who goes psycho-neurotic. We all have a cracking point. Mine might come any day."

Make no mistake—the American soldier has no stomach for the bloody business of front-line killing. He may carry an instinctive aversion for the

system he is fighting to destroy; but he has no bitter personal hatred, no killer lust. Sure, he killed Germans as methodically and skillfully as he knew how, because that was the only way to keep his own skin and get the job finished. And this American fighting man is truly brave. I have yet to hear of an officer, asking for volunteers for a dangerous mission, who failed to find most of his command stepping forward.

The veterans who are coming home will have been drawn apart from the civilian life they have known by the dangers, the hardships and the sacrifices. But in another respect, also, they have become a fraternity. Overseas even the humblest buck private belongs to a superior caste. He has learned how it feels to ride in jeeps, planes and cars while civilians walk. For a long time now, men in uniform have been the only ones in Europe who ever eat white bread, butter, real coffee or candy. They have whatever electricity is available, while civilians are lucky to have candles. In many places, civilian curfew sounds before taps.

The Army occupies many of Europe's best hotels, and the only civilians seen there are service personnel. Many buildings, many whole areas, closed to civilians, have become the special domain of the man in uniform.

The civilian abroad, therefore is rarely taken seriously, sometimes scarcely seen. If he does come to the soldier's attention, it is frequently through violation of Army property or trespass upon Army-controlled territory.

American soldiers thus have few contacts with the European civilians, and these frequently are not happy ones. Friction nearly always results when soldiers are quartered upon a civilian population. Our government has fairly well barred our men from the native markets by a neat bit of financial sleight-of-hand. It pays them in the money of the locality, but maintains an arbitrary rate of exchange which gives that money an artificially high value in relation to our dollar. When Joe goes shopping, he finds he pays as much as five to one for native goods or services. Still, he does to some extent compete in local markets, which increases scarcities and further drives up prices. When the opportunity presents, the doughfoot Don Juans always manage to score pretty heavily with the local belles, many of whom may have had previous commitments. These and many other irritations strain relations between troops and civilians.

American soldiers have developed a real respect for those allies who have held on doggedly against the Nazi military might. They have a new conception of the great contribution these Allies have made toward Germany's final defeat. Our men often praise the Allied soldiers with whom they have fought. But a kind word for the Eu-

ropean civilians, after the liberation honeymoon is over, is a rarity.

Abandon any thought you may have been nursing that the Army is going to send several million cosmopolites back into American civilian life. I talked with men just about everywhere our armies are fighting, and if there is a single comment applicable in every theatre, it would go about like this: "I never want to see the place again."

Ask a soldier over there what he thinks of Europe and he will probably say, "It's filthy," or, "It stinks," or, "I'll love it when I can look back down a gangplank at it." He has no chance to see it in perspective, of course. He knows only the misery and the awful wreckage. He sees little but squalor, destitution and filth that there is no soap and hot water to relieve. He cannot understand or feel any deep sympathy for peoples who too often seem to have lost self-respect; who beg while he is watching, and "scrounge" and steal when his back is turned.

What real beauties and treasures Europe has left to show the American soldier, he probably has been too busy to see. If not that, they probably are Off Limits.

Harsh as the soldier's opinion is about Europe and Europeans, there it is, and you can take or leave it for all he cares. There seems little likelihood that the opinion is going to change much before the veterans come home.

Little wonder, then, that our fighting men are the biggest "American Colony" ever; that they cling together in a tight fraternity all their own which may well survive their homecoming. Today, the widest division is still between soldier and civilian—even the American civilian. I was cordially received by every soldier or officer I talked to, but probably because I was fresh from home and therefore a likely source of news. I frankly doubt that I would have been anything more than a tolerable nuisance after the second or third day.

American veterans of the last war can understand, as I do, the probability that the German soldier—the individual fighting man—will not suffer too harshly in the judgment of our own veterans. After all, he is a soldier, too, and any American combat man will tell you he was a skilful and mighty tough one. OK, so we don't like the things he fought for; or maybe his indoctrination in Nazism has been so thorough in some cases that he remains insufferable. But there may be a good percentage of Germans to whom the Nazi veneer will not stick in adversity and defeat. At least, I can believe the evidence that our soldiers in hospitals commonly share their cigarettes with wounded prisoners of war, and try to draw them into conversation; and that along stabilized fronts Germans sang American songs and our men sang

THE ELKS IN THE WAR



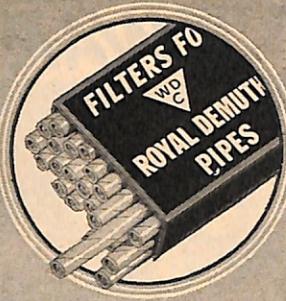
(Continued from page 15)

Above: The climax of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge's Tin Can and Paper Collection Program was reached during a visit by C. G. Campbell, President of the Florida State Elks Association.

Left: Captain M. D. Willcutts, U.S.N., accepts card playing racks presented to the Naval Hospital by members of San Diego, Calif., Lodge.

Below: Members of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge's War Commission Slipper Committee washing rugs from which will be made slippers for men in the Armed Services.



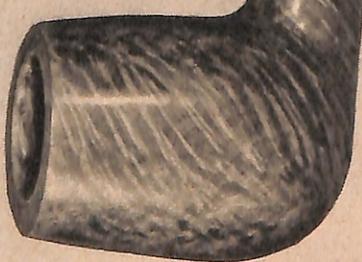


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many German melodies.

"Hatred," quoting Willard Waller again, "is for civilians, killing for soldiers." And this difference might be a source of misunderstanding when our veterans return. Consider the statement of H. R. Knickerbocker, who was at Cassino. After the Iowa division had fought there fiercely for 35 days, with heavy losses, their comment was, "We ain't mad at anybody."

Whenever a new arrival from the States appears, soldiers swarm him begging for news. Just a few days over there shows why. "Stars and Stripes" in the Mediterranean has no non-governmental wire service, has little political news, little real "meat" from home. Overseas editions of home publications are little more than skeletons of our papers here. Practically every publication going over is weeks old when it reaches the soldier.

The soldiers' questions to the newcomer cover every conceivable field. "What's Broadway look like?" "What's rationed at home now?" "How many soldiers are left at home?" "Why don't we get more of 'em over here?" "What is the real low-down about production at home?" "How are the people taking it, and do they really know there's a hell of a war on over here?" "What about these strikes; are people really walking out or slowing down in war plants?"

The soldier abroad is poorly informed about labor conditions, but his indignation over strikes is very real. There was, in one division a widespread Don't-Write-Home movement during the coal strike last spring; those soldiers were protesting in the only way they could to all civilians, their families included. And the soldiers are bringing this indignation home with them, as was shown, when service men stormed North American Aviation Company's Kansas City bomber plant, dispersing pickets and tearing up union placards.

"The leaders," said the AP, "marched through taverns, shows and other pleasure spots in the center of the amusement zone. In each place they stopped men in uniform asking them to join. In shows, they interrupted the performance and shouted their invitation to other service men to come along."

Note the significant fact that they did not ask civilians, who might have just as heartily disapproved the strike, to join their march. That merely seemed to be a bit of "fraternity" business, and it simply didn't occur to the service men to invite outsiders.

The service men's reaction here was perfectly natural, almost instinctive. And the incident typically illustrates the gap between the military and civilian which we must find a way to close.

Commonly heard wherever soldiers gather is the question, "I wonder what 4-F my gal's out with tonight?" The bitterest group of fighters abroad—and the most reckless in battle—are members of the "Dear John Club." These men have been discarded by wives and sweethearts who have come to love other, nearer men.

For in the army there is a lot of sitting around, waiting for things to happen, and a great deal of time for talk. To the large service vocabulary of their own making, they have generously added words, phrases and usages from every people and language they have encountered.

Do soldiers talk about the ideals for which they are fighting? Very little that I could see. This sort of idealism doesn't seem to wear well in mud, sweat and danger. Your soldier is a realist, frequently a cynic. Ask him about permanent peace. He is likely to report, "I suppose my son'll be over here sweating it out in 20 years." Inquire about international cooperation and he will probably remark pointedly, "After this, these people will fight their own wars, if I have anything to say."

These Americans are fighting for a single, simple objective—to get the dirty job done and get home. High-flowing idealism usually sickens them. Soft-living "morale builders" back home are usually dismissed with curt, sulphurous language.

These simple facts we'd better remember when the veterans come home. And we'd better have the good sense to refrain from the chest-thumping about the civilian war effort. The homecoming soldier won't be too sure he hasn't been played for a sucker, anyhow, so we'd better have tact enough to help him avoid painful comparisons.

We don't need to dramatize nor pin medals on every returning soldier. What he needs and has a right to expect, is honest appreciation of the job he has done and the sacrifices he has made to do it. Take the case of the single fellow past thirty I saw near London, who asked me what his chances were to get back to his sweetheart and the business he left at home three years ago. In what order are men going to be mustered out? If the family men go home first, just when can he expect to get married and start pulling that business back together? Or consider the older married man and father in France who wonders if his war-sustained injuries will knock him out of his old profession. Are we going to help him over the rough spots? What about the youngster, whose war bride and two babies are wondering, with him, just how soon he can find his first real job. And how about the boy, jerked out of college in his freshman year, who wants to finish his education? These are all individuals who plied me with anxious personal questions. You could multiply by two or three million and see the whole problem at least in outline. But each still breaks down as an individual, personal case. If we are going to show our appreciation in the most practical and effective way, we will work out the answers and have them ready.

Yes, I know Congress can pass laws and appropriate money and set up agencies to tackle these problems. The job still remains one which must be done, however, at the community, neighborhood and home level.

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Rod AND Gun



Horse sense is all it takes to catch fish

By Ray Trullinger

IT ALWAYS has been a question in your correspondent's mind which are the more gullible: fish or fishermen. Both, it must be admitted, fall for a strange assortment of lures and come-ons. The only difference is that a fish usually bites but once and strikes out, whereas the angler keeps right on biting.

Take, as an example, the countless anglers who accept and follow pseudo-scientific fishing theories and old wives' tales because they see them in print under the name of some dude who modestly hints he's probably the world's smartest and most scientific angler. Let some slicker come up with the unique idea that a fish's gastric juices are in some mysterious fashion agitated by the pull of the moon on the earth, and thousands of trusting souls will lay a quarter, four-bits or \$7.50 on the line to get a load of this piscatorial wisdom.

Considering the fact there are an estimated eight million licensed fishermen in this country, all anxious to become expert and catch more fish than the guy next door, it's easy to understand how the racing scratch sheet racket, adapted to angling, can return a pretty penny. After all, suckers live in and out of brooks.

One of the most numerous of the dream book angling clan is the water temperature fanatic. This guy has read that trout fishing, when water temperature readings register below 50 degrees, is a useless waste of effort. So he lays out a couple of bucks for a thermometer, which he should have spent on a better line. With this gadget clipped to his fishing jacket, he automatically becomes a scientific angler. It doesn't put more trout in his creel, because he spends his time taking readings and shaking his head mournfully. Put

the usual question to this bird on a trout stream and he'll reply: "No, no luck. Water's too cold. You know trout won't take a fly when the temperature is down to 47".

Now, it just happens this writer is a member of a club which boasts a small trout lake. The season opens in early April in these parts—frequently in a gentle snowstorm, and with shell ice rimming the shores. We've never dunked a thermometer on opening day, but we'll hazard a guess the water is never warm enough for comfortable swimming. Despite this fact, the boys always catch scores of five-fish club limits on the inaugural, and always on flies. For you see this lake is restricted to fly fishing.

Years ago we enjoyed some of the greatest rainbow trout fishing of our life, high in the Cascade Mountains. The water was so icy it numbed feet in 30 minutes through wool socks and a pair of boots. Notwithstanding, you could catch pound to three-pound rainbows so fast that fishing became a mild bore if taken in heavy doses. Those fish hit a fly with such dazzling speed it was often more fun trying to take the lure away from a fish than catching it.

So next time some angling scientist pulls the water temperature gag on you, remind him in a tactful way that Oregon and Washington steelhead fishing nuts do all right for themselves from November to March; that the cream of Maine's squaretail and landlock fishing closely follows the ice breakup in those parts, and that a surprising number of eastern brook trout, lakers and landlocked salmon are still taken every winter through two feet of ice.

Then we have the barometer watchers, whose sport is governed

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by atmospheric pressure. These learned gents would rather be found dead in a bawdy house than caught fishing when the glass is low, or falling.

"It isn't in the cards to hit a good day's fishing when the barometer is falling," these fellows insist. No? Well, let's poke around in that one, too:—

One day early this spring we decided to wheel over to a nearby lake, not to fish but to see how the other boys were making out. It wasn't a particularly cheerful day, and for some reason we took a gander at the barometer. It was low, and getting lower. So we picked up a slicker and rainproof skimmer, just in case, and sallied forth. Al, one of the neighborhood's smarter fishermen, was jointing up a casting stick when we arrived at the lake.

"You should have brought live bait today," we greeted him, "and fished it on the bottom. With a four-inch shiner. . . ."

"How do you figure that?" he broke in.

"The glass is dropping and those lakers will be in deep water."

"Who said so?"

"The books say so," we explained. "Any expert will tell you it's practically useless to fish on a falling glass, and my barometer was dropping when I left the house."

"How do those guys know what a fish will do or not do?" countered Al, rummaging around in his tackle box. "Have any of those experts ever interviewed a fish?"

"It's a matter of atmospheric pressure," we answered him. "Pushes the fish down, or something."

"Nuts!" exclaimed Al, coming up with a battered casting spoon. "How can a fish feel atmospheric pressure through several feet of water? I didn't learn very much in school, but I learned you can't compress water. So if you can't squeeze water, how does a fish know. . . .?"

"Look," we broke in. "I'm a stranger around here, myself. Go buy yourself a book on scientific fishing and you won't be asking so many darn fool questions!"

"What for?" replied Al, zinging out his lure. "I do all right, don't I? The only fishing books that interest me are tackle catalogs."

The water boiled twice a few yards behind Al's spoon as a cruising laker engulfed a luckless minnow. Then another swirl rippled the surface a bit to the right.

"Just as I figured," Al remarked. "Those fish are feeding on minnows near the top. I guess they never read a book either. Or a barometer. Just plain dumb, like me."

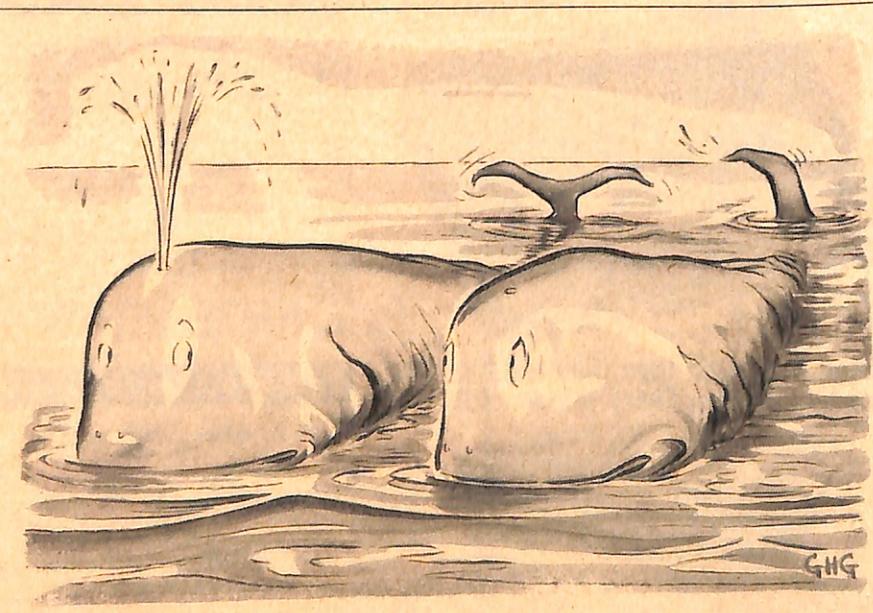
Two or three casts later he was fast to a fish, which we netted. Nothing to get excited about—just a five-pounder. Before we had a chance to slosh out the landing net and replace it on the bank, he had another fish on. We guessed that one a seven-pounder. He caught three more within an hour and missed several good strikes.

"Not bad going for a day when you're not supposed to catch fish," he cracked, gathering up his gear. "Here, you better take one of these fish home."

When we got back to the house we noticed the barometer had dropped another two points.

Next, we have a surprising number of gents who are convinced the moon exerts a mysterious effect on a fish's appetite, causing the finned critter to feed like mad at certain specified times. Obviously, anglers who are privy to this inside dope can't help but have a decided edge. It's just like knowing in advance what two gallopers are going to click in a daily double.

Anybody who has fished along the coast understands that the rise and fall of tide can and does affect his sport. Some fish move into inlets and bays to feed on a flooding tide and drop back



"How often do you change your oil?"

on the ebb. Tidewater pools in rivers not productive of fish at high water intervals, often afford superb fishing at low water. And the other way around.

The same goes for ducks. Coastal wildfowlers who know their way around understand that tide phases determine when and where to rig, and for what varieties. They know, for instance, that divers such as Bluebills are likely to feed over a clam flat during the high water interval and fly somewhere else before a dropping tide leaves a feeding ground bare. They also know that shallow water or mudflat feeders such as black ducks are almost certain to wing in for a clam cocktail when the tide gets low, and hunters determine their gunning strategy accordingly.

This is all understandable. There is no mystery or hocus-pocus. It all boils down to the simple fact that some ducks can feed in six feet of water and others can't.

But what logical reasoning is there for assuming that the pull of the moon on the earth exerts any influence on the feeding habits of a Rocky Mountain trout, lurking in a riffle over 1000 miles beyond the upper reaches of tidewater, and maybe 6000 feet or more above sea level? Or on a Minnesota bass, finning a northern lake equally or even more distant from the ocean?

It takes a high degree of naive credulity to believe that productive angling interludes can be doped months in advance by determining when a non-apparent lunar pull is exerting its imagined workings on a fish's appetite.

Long before piscatorial scratch sheets were conceived by angling masterminds your correspondent and a now departed relative used to team up on a weekly trout fishing junket through the spring and summer months. The routine never varied. We'd arrive at the stream shortly after daybreak, give the horses a bait, cook breakfast and start fishing. We'd fish downstream until about 10 a.m., at which time rising fish would become few and far between. So we'd knock off, eat, sprawl out on a sunny rock and sleep or pick berries until mid-afternoon. Then we'd fish back up the river, first taking only an occasional trout and then hitting them with about every other cast as the afternoon lengthened and the fish settled down to serious feeding at dusk.

There never was any change; both of us always filled a large No. 4 creel and never stinted ourselves on fried trout for lunch or supper. Those trout were on the feed from daybreak to mid-morning every day, and from late afternoon until dark. It was possible to catch an occasional fish during the non-productive noontime hours, but we always considered that fishing slow and hardly worth the effort.

Practically identical conditions prevailed on every other fishing stream in that corner of the state, except on the smaller feeder brooks. From those you could catch smaller trout all day long in the summertime.

There are no profound mysteries about successful fishing, although an

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increasing number of self-commissioned experts would like you to believe there are, and that only by following printed advice in the little booklet, (Price 50 cents,) you, too, will catch fish.

That some fishermen are more successful than others can be attributed to the fact that they're more skillful, observant and experienced. In short, they know their way around. The angler who has fished a certain stream over a long period of years is certain to catch more fish than a Johnny-come-lately, who is casting over it for the first time.

It could be that the Johnny-come-lately actually is a better all around angler than the local, but the native son will have the edge because he knows where the fish are in that stream, what to catch 'em with, and how. All of which explains why fishing guides are hired. And we've yet to meet one who put any stock in cockeyed fishing theories. Fishing guides on the average might be a little short in the matter of book learning, but they're all definitely long when it comes to horse sense. And horse sense is all it takes to catch fish.

Civil Air Patrol

(Continued from page 9)

York City. The Army furnishes and maintains liaison type planes for CAP's orientation flights, supplies certain other training aids, and that's virtually all. Otherwise CAP runs and supports its own show, financing it through contributions by active members and members of its League, a non-partisan, non-profit membership corporation formed for that purpose. Nobody who has seen CAP in action doubts that it puts on a better show because it is animated by the volunteer spirit and because it has refused to sit back and wait for Government handouts.

It takes its training seriously, does the CAP, from the qualified pilot, taking a special flight proficiency course, to the 17-year-old cadet who signed up to get set for the time when he will be called into the Service. All members attend weekly training sessions in aviation, military and auxiliary subjects. While flight training is not given (members are encouraged to learn to fly by purchasing flight time from private operators), the student gets everything else but. Instruction is given without charge. Navigation may be taught by a commercially rated pilot; radio by a skilled amateur or professional operator; first aid by a doctor or Red Cross instructor; infantry drill, guard duty or other military subjects by a veteran of this war or the last. It's a heart-warming thing to see wounded or other honorably discharged veterans, back from the Pacific or the European Theater, volunteering to teach the CAP youngsters. These men neither think the war is over nor do they feel, despite their service, that they have done their part and can sit out the rest of it.

It's not hard to understand why CAP has been so successful in recruiting and training cadets.

First, there's the glamor of flying. Next comes the realization that there's a whale of a lot to learn, and it will mean plenty of hard study. You have to bone up on map reading, theory of flight, meteorology, navigation, aircraft structures, engines, instruments, Morse code, air regulations, etc. Tell the young they'll have to pass an examination in ancient history, and the reply may be "For why?" or "So what?"

But with aviation subjects, it's no pass, no fly. And they want desperately to fly.

So they really concentrate. They can see the advantage to it. CAP-trained boys, called to active duty, have chalked up good records in the tough Army courses to qualify pilots, bombardiers, navigators, and gunners. That, by the way, is a matter of interest to every American, not only as a patriot but as a taxpayer. It costs about \$25,000 to train a military flyer. Any reduction in the percentage of washouts means an appreciable saving.

The boys can see the value of the work for the immediate and for a more distant future, too. Many look forward to careers in aviation. And practical demonstrations of the worth of what they have learned often occur during their CAP training. Which is not only a break for them but for others. Members of CAP units and the CAP Cadet Corps have helped save scores of lives and many thousands of dollars worth of property.

Not long ago two Army Air Force officers, flying at night over the Virginia mountains, found their gasoline was almost gone. At the same moment their radio went out of commission. They swooped low over the town of Front Royal, looking for some place to make an emergency landing. They knew nothing of the small airport which had only just been completed.

CAP men spotted the plane, obviously in trouble. One signaled to it with his automobile spotlight. The pilot answered with his landing lights.

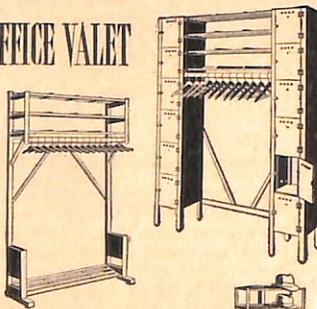
Every motor car in the vicinity was mustered. With spotlights winking and headlights full on, the caravan headed over the road to the new airport. Following the lights and the flow of traffic, the AAF flyers were led to the field, brightly illuminated by the auto lights. They set their plane down on it safely, with 5 minutes' supply of gas left.

That same vital service was performed at the Mansfield, Ohio, field for a C-47 transport plane with an important war cargo. It was not expected until morning, so no provision had been made for night-lighting the field. But in buzzed the transport about 11 P.M. Fortunately the local CAP unit, which

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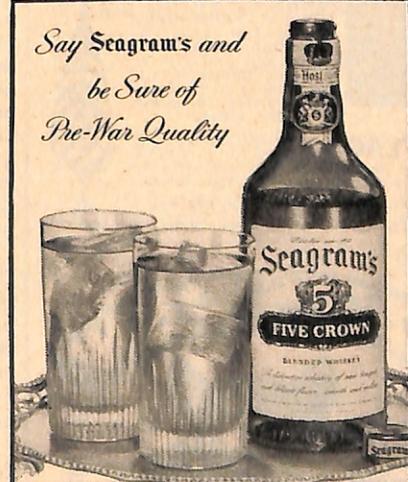
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was holding a meeting at the field, was interested in its work and had stayed one hour overtime. Members rushed out, lit the runway with their car lights, and the C-47 landed safely.

Considerable of the credit for such handy landing fields is due CAP. Out of 1,592 fields in 48 States open to civilian flying, CAP owns, operates or manages 215 in 31 States. It actually built 81 of them and made major improvements in 108. About one-third of these airports would have been closed for the duration if it had not been for CAP.

It's been many years since America has seen such whole-hearted, co-operative community effort as was displayed in building some of these fields. They are like the old-time meeting-house or barn-raising gatherings when all the neighbors rallied 'round, pitched in and lent a hand. That's the way the Redmond, Oregon, CAP airport was built. Everybody came and worked from the grubbing hoe stage on. In one day two runways of 1900 and 1200 feet were built. Later the length of the second was doubled.

Searches for crashed planes are a frequent CAP assignment. In a hunt through the Rockies last year for a missing Army bomber, three CAP planes were lost, two members of the New Mexico Wing were killed and two Colorado pilots injured. At last the wreck was spotted by Lt. Arthur D. Williams, CAP. A ground party was sent in through the snow. 1st Lt. Dorothy P. Jones (CAP boasts not a few tried and true women members) and 2nd Lt. Sam Herzog led in a detail of CAP Cadets. They found the wreck, mounted guard over the nine bodies of the Army crew and sent guides to bring in a carrier party.

Other searches have had a happier outcome. CAP parties have reached and saved survivors of crashes like that of an Army plane on the Camel's Hump in the Vermont mountains. A 16-year-old CAP Cadet, Peter Mason of Waterbury, also a Boy Scout, located the sole survivor—a young waist gunner. He had been lying in the snow 40 hours with only brief periods of consciousness. First aid and a rush to a hospital saved his life.

Women as well as men members of CAP fly these dangerous search missions. Women officers and non-coms post guards over a crashed plane so that bomb sights and evidence of the cause of the crash will not be disturbed by souvenir hunters who will appropriate anything.

Many CAP units have organized ground and crash crews, equipped with medical supplies and radio; some take along carrier pigeons. Crews are prepared to reach the scene of an accident by foot, motor car, horse, or ski. For lost plane searches the Florida Wing uses two "Glades Rescue Buggies," shallow-draft boats driven by plane propellers and capable of skimming over swamp inlets. A woman officer of the Miami unit has a sideline: she hunts water moccasons in Glades, milks them

of their venom and sells it to the Army. Obviously so determined a character, engaged in a search for a crashed plane, stops at nothing.

These CAP crews turn out when disaster strikes the community. When a tornado hit Fort Dodge, Iowa, the chief of police called on the CAP for help. In 15 minutes the entire crew, armed and equipped, reported and went on duty guarding damaged property and live power wires and directing traffic.

The odd jobs CAP takes on are a caution. Anything remotely in line of duty is welcomed as good experience and as a way to give service. To list a few of these oddities, there are: Aerial scouts for escaped prisoners of war; parachute packing for service men who are flying back to base; making maps of smoke and fume areas in industrial districts; helping to place standard air markers on cities and towns; running scrap paper and tin salvage drives.

Nor are those the half of it. The Lima, Ohio, CAP Squadron is going to chart the course of a mysterious underground river, using ultra short-wave radio and walkie-talkie sets. Last year a CAP plane acted as advance agent for a brigade of machines and their crews engaged in harvesting a million acres of wheat in the plains States. The season was late and speed was essential in this huge task for which both manpower and machinery were short. From farm to farm, a scout plane hedge-hopped, surveying routes, lining up acreages to be cut and expediting all the other arrangements. The wheat was cut with fewer men and machines and less fuel than ever before.

Add also game conservation as a CAP assignment. One thousand pounds of rock salt were dropped from the air by the Easton, Pennsylvania, Squadron on terrain difficult of access to men but a favorite haunt of deer. The deer had been standing on railroad tracks to lick brine which had leaked from refrigerator cars. That had been the death of 32 of them. Now there is no reason why a deer should leave home and get into trouble, with the CAP virtually sprinkling salt on its tail.

All these tasks, CAP believes, will help bridge the transition to peace and make opportunities for the men and women who come back from the war looking for a job in aviation. Every new airport, they point out, is bound to mean more different kinds of businesses than you can spin a prop at. There'll be flight training and the rental of planes to pilots. Then there's the sale of planes, parts, accessories, hangarage, maintenance, fuel, service, and insurance. Food and drink vending machines could balloon up through a lunch counter to a regular restaurant. Tourist cabins may sprout or a nearby farmhouse be converted into an inn for transients.

Plans for Tennessee's first permanent air center have been drawn by the State CAP Wing Commander, Lt. Col. Herbert Fox, for a tract on the Cumberland River near Nashville where flight opera-

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tions already have begun. The new field's adjuncts are to include: golf driving ranges and putting greens, tennis and badminton courts, a baseball diamond, a boathouse on the river bank with seaplane facilities, a restaurant and drug store, and spectator bleachers on a small hill, surrounded by individual airplane hangars. Not to mention bridle paths around the field and a riding academy, with a stable full of horses which will doubtless be notably air-minded.

Two members of the Oakland, California, Squadron have ordered helicopters for post-war delivery. A lively correspondence is being carried on between our CAP cadets and lads in the corresponding British organization, the Air Training Corps. They have much in common, these boys, much in common now as Allies and students of aviation and much in the future when the air will be theirs.

It's true that a strong system of commercial aviation is a backlog of a nation's air defense. That was demonstrated when we entered this war. We had—and a good many people still don't realize how lucky we were—more than 100,000 civilian pilots, about as many student-pilots and ex-pilots, 25,000 private planes, and some 2,000 civilian airports. On that backlog for a foundation we built our mighty military air forces. Much of the building was done through the agency and organization of the Civil Air Patrol. It furnished tens of thousands of pre-trained men and women to the armed forces and war industry. CAP's membership roster was constantly drawn on for airmen, trainees, and instructors for the pilot, ferrying and glider schools.

Those resources with which we began the war have now been multiplied many times in the men trained, the equipment manufactured, and the facilities developed during the war. Therefrom can and must be created a powerful reserve as a safeguard against another war.

For that reserve to continue powerful, its components must be kept effective and up to date. As regards personnel that means young men. Combat flying is a job mainly for men below 30. Our air force of today—or of the future—would rapidly become overage unless new trainees kept coming in.

Our air and ground defense of the future would be soundly based, as they are at present, on universal military training. If the United States establishes that system to operate after the war—and it would be incredible if we have not learned at long last how essential it is—the CAP organization, its procedures and experience, will prove highly useful.

The CAP Cadet Corps and its pre-flight training, for instance, could be very profitably continued. Before reporting for their year of training at 18, boys of 17 or younger, just as they do now, could prepare themselves by voluntary, spare-time study of aviation and basic military subjects. The result would be rapid advancement through

(Continued on page 44)



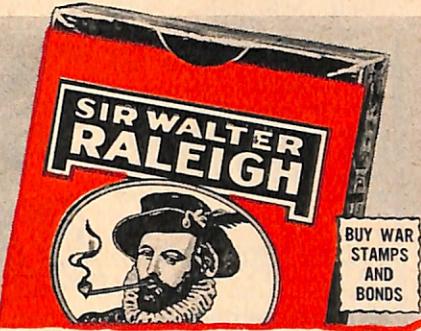
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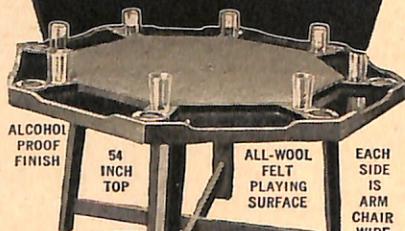
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blueprint plan for the simplest, easiest type of house to make. The plans are free with no strings attached. All you'll have to furnish is a barrel, depending upon the size of the dog plus a mite of elbow grease and you'll be astonished, as I was, how good looking this can be made.

For bedding, give Fido's cushion a summer vacation. It probably needs it anyway. Substitute, during the warm spells a few sheets of newspaper, a square of linoleum or an old carpet. But the newspapers are best because they are cleanest. They can be destroyed every day. Next best is the linoleum because that can be thoroughly soaped, disinfected and scrubbed. The carpet is all right but should be aired and swept every day. Don't worry about this sort of bedding being uncomfortably hard for the dog. Actually it is the coolest he could have. The floor and inner walls of the house should get a coat of mild disinfectant each week or so but don't use a strong solution because the dog's skin is a heap sensitive to powerful germicides and besides, his schnozzle doesn't relish overpowering odors any more than enjoyed by his master or mistress.

Be sure that there is always available an ample supply of cool drinking water and DON'T allow the dish or drinking pan to stand in the sun. Who wants to drink tepid water when the thermometer gets red in the face—or at any other time? You needn't put ice in the water although a small piece or two permitted to melt in it won't do

any harm. Don't however, give the dog ice water unless you want to doctor his cramps or worse. A small piece of ice to chew now and then is not harmful although this should not be overindulged.

Although it is claimed by some that dogs only perspire through tongue and mouth, this is not so. On warm days I have seen clearly defined wet footprints of my dogs on the concrete floor of my porch. Dogs that had no chance to wet their tootsies in any other way. On close examination I've also found moisture under their armpits and undersides of their bodies. I've noticed this too on dogs other than my own. True, by far the greatest amount of perspiration exuded by dogs, is through the mouth, but to say that they do not perspire elsewhere is the stuff they fill balloons with. Now perspiration as you know is nothing more or less than evaporation which is nature's way of cooling. If there was no evaporation from the body during a hot spell it would be just too bad for Fido and his master too. Now this bodily evaporation or perspiration is composed largely of water plus certain salts, chief among them our old friend sodium chloride or as we are more familiar with it—ordinary salt, the kind we use on our eatments. When the salt content of the body is dangerously reduced a lot of unpleasant things can happen not the least of which at this time is heat prostration. To offset such loss of salt it is well to put an occasional pinch of table salt in the dog's water when



"Next!"

renewing it. So important is the salt angle in summer that many industrial plants maintain salt tablet dispensing machines adjacent to their employee's drinking fountains.

HERE'S another "don't". DONT permit any uneaten portions of food to remain exposed on the dog's dish. This can quickly attract vermin and besides will sour and if the dog eats it then he or she will get a tummy ache that will make little Harry's experiment with green apples look like nothing at all. As for the dog's dinner pail—well, this is a time when you can cut down on the volume a bit and if you can get meat—I said if you can get it, (and IF you can keep from battling your pooch for it) then feed it. You can ignore that cockeyed belief of yesteryear that meat is bad for dogs in summer. If you know where such a private meat mine exists then be sure this is beef if you feed it raw. Any other kind should be thoroughly cooked and pork left out of the running entirely. (Faust what would you give for a ham steak right now?) With the meat, feed all the green vegetables that the dog prefers and some do have some of the weirdest preferences. Avoid root vegetables, beans and potatoes. Give fruit and vegetable juices. I can hear you snicker at this when you look at your ration book and I know darned well what my private Secretary of War would say if she read it. I can also hear you think "Am I maintaining a dog or a Duke?" Well, all right, hoard those points and fall back upon one of the better known commercial dry dog foods as so many thousands of dog owners have done and have been so pleasantly surprised with the results. Here again, if you want to drop me a line I'll be glad to give the names of those that show high nutritive value and are not only reliable but are relished by the dogs.

All through the rest of the year I repeatedly have to advise the customers who ask about it, not to bathe their dogs too frequently. But now it's summertime, the bridle is off—bathe him or her plenty even though it may be a bit hard on the coat and not helpful to the skin. Too frequent bathing does reduce the oil in both skin and coat and is not to be employed any other time of the year. But be sure that after each bath you dry your dog down to his BVDs and a little romping at this time will help promote circulation and more thorough drying. Don't let your pup lie around particularly in a draft, unless you want to play doctor or call in the vet for a serious doggy cold or worse. Use any of the good dog soaps which you can get at most well-stocked drug stores and some of the grocery stores too or—there's a dry cleaning bathing preparation that I'll be glad to tell you about should you care to use it. Those I've recommended it to have been highly pleased. It's slogan is "No mussin'. No fussin'. No cussin'" —and it lives up to it.

Another thing taboo in relation to

our friend's toilette concerns the mistaken kindness of some owners who have their dogs closely clipped during the warm days. No matter how heavy the coat, leave it alone other than clipping shaggy hair that obscures the vision or matted hair that cannot be combed out. The coat instead of making your dog warmer actually serves as insulation against the rays of the sun. Time and again at summer dog shows I have seen some of the particularly short haired dogs get goggle-eyed from heat prostration. I know, to the sympathetic owner it's tough to watch the long-coated pooch gasp like a Baldwin locomotive but close clipping won't help at all. But what will help and that a whole lot too is a DAILY combing and brushing that will remove dead hair and that which is ready to shed. Of course if yours is a yard dog this can be done outdoors and the refuse hair becomes no problem at all. But if the dog is a house dweller year 'round then when combing and brushing, stand the dog on a few sheets of newspaper to catch the combings. Never force the comb through matted hair as you may tear out live hair; try to separate the tangles with your fingers. And don't try to comb Fido when his coat is wet; that too will result in loss of good hair.

THIS is also the season when relentless war must be waged to keep down those unwanted boarders that will attach themselves to your friend's skin. I mean fleas and such-like parasites. This means flea powder aplenty and unsparing use of it. I know of a number of good ones that I've used on my own scallywags but in every case the manufacturer's directions must be followed to the letter. Ticks may become a problem at this time and particularly is this true in the South. There just isn't anything you can do about those pests except remove each one by hand when you find them in the dog's skin. For those who don't know what Mr. Tick is like, he's at first a small sac-like creature that buries his head in Fido's hide and thrives by draining the dog's blood. In time, if undetected his body swells and assumes a nasty greyish color. To facilitate removal a drop of turpentine or chloroform will help by causing the tick to relinquish its hold. When removing be sure that the head comes out with the body; if it is left in the dog's skin it can cause an ugly sore.

Interior body parasites should likewise be watched for and when found the dog should be given the proper remedy. Don't, however, use any unknown brand of worm medicine. And whatever you do use be sure you follow the printed instructions implicitly. Best of all if this unpleasant job should be needful, have your vet take over. It's a simple, overnight affair and will save you doing a disagreeable task.

To return to our enemies the flies—if these bother the dog to the point of bringing blood out of the ear tips or other tender parts of the body, then use a little tallow, axle grease, warm



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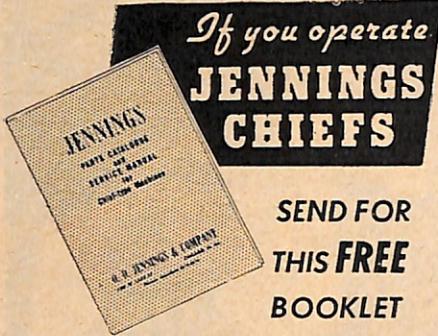
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tar or camphor on the affected parts.

You may find that your dog will develop what has long been termed "summer eczema". Actually it's a form of skin trouble that can appear at any time of the year and why it has been relegated to summer in the minds of so many is hard to understand. In winter months when many dogs live in overheated houses the same trouble will often make itself known. It begins with a chronic itching and not at all incidentally, there are three forms, dry, moist and dry without lesions. It usually appears first on the forepart of the dog. There'll be small red spots then an outbreak of postules followed by sores. The hair sheds, skin thickens and wrinkles. The dry form is the chronic kind. Moist eczema shows red spots, yellow discharge and itching

with or without postules but there'll be no noticeable change in the skin. Most forms are due to over-feeding, lack of sufficient exercise and hot weather or quarters. It can be cured and the dog's owner can do this if the disease hasn't progressed too far. There are several excellent commercial remedies but if eczema has gotten out of hand then I advise a vet. I might mention mange right here but then that's not peculiar to summer and besides I have discussed that pesky thing before to considerable length.

So much for the simple things that relate to your dog's happiness during the trying days of summer. There are some few more but equally necessary helps for your pet that I'll tell you about in the next issue of *The Elks Magazine*. Until then—all the best to you.

The Fall of Manila Lodge

(Continued from page 11)

Well, you can't argue with bayonets. The officer allowed us 45 minutes to get ready before embarking in the truck which was to take us away. This was a very short time in which to collect essentials and lock up the rest with the optimistic but entirely unjustified hope of ever seeing them again.

About this time another Japanese officer bounced into the office and he was really excited. He was flourishing a wicked looking Colt .44 and waved it at us accusingly. We looked innocent enough, I hope, wondering what caused the flood of guttural talk. The interpreter finally got the drift of it and turned on us. "You have been concealing weapons in the club compound," he stormed. "Which one of you owns this gun? He will be severely dealt with". As none of us had ever laid eyes on the weapon before, and were positive that there were no arms either among us or in any of the rooms of the clubhouse, we asked where it had been found. It appears that it had been picked up in a hedge near our roadway, where no doubt it had been thrown by some passerby in a panic when the Japs entered the city. All this we laboriously explained to the interpreter who looked unconvinced. In despair I pointed to the baseball bats and demanded why we should have bothered with them to protect ourselves if we had guns to use. This argument seemed to register and the officer went off, muttering to himself.

Having met this crisis successfully, a few of us went into hurried conference and determined to make a last-minute play for our food supplies. Through the interpreter we informed the officer in charge that we hoped he would grant us permission to take along enough food from the ample stores in our clubhouse basement to feed ourselves during the few days we were to be confined. The answer was a decidedly negative grunt. "Your friends will bring in chow for you," said the

interpreter speaking for the officer. This provided an inspiration. "But we have no families—we have no friends—that is why we live alone by ourselves, without women or children in this club. No one will send in food to men they do not know. We wish only to save you the trouble of feeding us." This artful solicitude on our part was totally unnecessary, as they never had the slightest intention of doing so.

However, it gave the officer something to think about. Starving people are a nuisance; besides it might create a bad impression among the Filipinos whom it was desired to impress with Japanese magnanimity. We explained—we gesticulated—we put on a first-class show—that the food was waiting to be loaded right here in the clubhouse and that we could bring it up ourselves, three of us with the help of the house-boys—but it would take some time. Grudgingly, with much palaver among themselves, the officers gave in. To my amazement no objection was raised when I asked for three hours to do the work, and we went to it before giving them a chance to reconsider.

The house-boys pitched in with a will. We directed them to bring up such canned goods as had the maximum food content in the least bulk—canned milk, beans, meat, coffee, crackers. We worked with system, losing no precious time until a truck arrived. We also had time to move most of the trunks, bags and personal effects from the rooms to a single room on the same floor, which the officers promised us would be sealed and kept inviolate by the army. This promise must have been observed for all of 24 hours after we had gone. A year later we were directed to send a few men to the Club to pick up what things of ours had survived the Japanese occupation of the clubhouse. A score of smashed and ruined trunks, a few pyramids of sodden clothes utterly unrecognizable—shirts, coats, shoes, underwear, all shoved indiscriminately

into dusty heaps, surmounted with letters, photographs, business papers over all—this was the way the Japanese army had kept their word to us. But fortunately for our peace of mind we did not know then what was to happen.

AND so we left the Elks lodge home that afternoon, not to see it again for more than three years after fire and ruthless shelling had reduced it to blackened ruins. As we drove away the little Filipino boys held up two fingers to make the V sign as we went past. Our destination turned out to be Villamor Hall on the campus of the University of the Philippines, where a large number of Americans and Britishers had been hastily rounded up. We were commanded to go to the third floor which overlooked Taft Avenue, where there was a fair-sized auditorium that might accommodate at a pinch about 400 people. There were many more than that number already there, men and women and children, sitting resignedly in stiff-backed chairs or pacing nervously around. There were millionaires and beachcombers, business leaders and ex-Army men, veterans of '98—all gathered together from the dragnet that the Japanese had put out. Many of them had been seized while walking the streets and had had no chance to pick up anything from their homes.

The first problem was food. There was very little in sight, although already the bamboo telegraph had begun to work, and a small amount was coming in from some faithful house-boy who had learned the whereabouts of his employer and had passed the word along to others. But these driblets would not feed upwards of 600 people. We of the Elks were sitting pretty—the 40 men, young and old, had worked as cargadores and packed our dozens of cases of food upstairs safely enough under our eyes. We would eat, but how about the others?

I think it was to the credit of Elkdom in general and this group of 40 men in particular that there was no discussion at all about it. We improvised benches and started opening up cases of food; milk for the children, three weenies, three crackers, and a dab of beans for everyone who lined up in the room. Not a three-course dinner but very welcome to people who had been without food for almost a day. The line seemed endless. No doubt we fed some repeaters, as we

had no way to check them, but it was better that way than for someone to go hungry while we had food. There were no knives or spoons or plates—these had been forgotten, but a folded paper would serve for a plate and a pocket knife is an all-round utility tool.

We kept this up next day and served a breakfast and a supper. There wasn't much difference between the two, but I heard no complaints. It made a big hole in our supplies, but it helped save the situation from becoming really tragic. Appreciation was naturally very great from all those who had to endure those tedious hungry hours. If we had been allowed to build a fire outside on the campus, where the Jap soldiers were bivouacking, and boil some coffee or tea—anything hot to drink—things would have been more tolerable but this was sternly forbidden by the Japs. No one was permitted to leave the auditorium except to pace up and down the balcony, and if one did this, eyes must be kept ahead and no glancing over the coping to the street below.

ON JANUARY 6 we were moved out. It was high time—sleeping on cement floors without covering can be done for a while in a warm balmy climate, but it has its discomforts, and Philippine sanitation, seldom too good, was rapidly failing under the demands of 20 times the number ever expected to be accommodated. Late that afternoon the interpreter mounted a chair and declared that "we would shortly be moved to a place of considerable confusion", meaning the University of Santo Tomas, which was to be our home for the next three years. But that is another story in itself. My own most vivid personal recollection as we left Villamor Hall and started to climb into the truck, was having my hand seized furtively by a Filipino whom I recognized immediately as my room-boy. Somehow he had got through the cordon of Japanese and was waiting for me. The honest fellow was sobbing like a child from emotion, and it touched me very much. I slapped his shoulder and told him to cheer up—we'd all come back soon and be together once more at the club. I often think of poor Gratiano. Later on he walked to Santo Tomas to bring me food that I am sure his own over abundant family could ill spare. I wish I could have thanked him. Some day I hope I can.

MEMBERS IN SERVICE

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Professor Disney

(Continued from page 7)

amusement, became expert on war training.

To produce films in a hurry, the Disney personnel department made a hobby survey of the men and women in the studio. This was a revelation. One man collected ancient automobiles and had a score of them stored in garages. Another owned a prehistoric railroad train, with 500 feet of track in his backyard; The Grizzly Flats Railroad ran every Sunday, when he fired up and steamed down the track, carrying deadheads from the studio to whom he had issued passes.

Hobbies became keys to the jobs to be handled. One animator, whose hobby for years had been studying U. S. warships, was able to identify every battleship knocked out at Pearl Harbor from the tips of superstructures showing above water in news pictures of the devastation left by the Japs. He became key man of the unit producing identification films for the Navy.

Others, whose hobbies were model planes, were shifted to units making plane identification films. One of the technical advisers assigned by the Navy to the studio, to oversee the making of a film on fighter plane tactics, was Commander John S. Thach, originator of "the Thach weave," which fooled and foiled the Jap airmen in the South Pacific. To a Disney staff man who became expert on fighter tactics while working on this film and another for the AAF, Thach said repeatedly, "Boy, I wish you were ten years younger. I'd make a fighter pilot of you and use you for my wing man."

One day Disney decided that some of his "experts" should attend a showing of the films before Navy trainees, to see how the pictures were driving home their lessons and to study ways of improving them. Two top Disney men, who had supervised the Navy films, were sent to the San Diego naval base where, by arrangement, they were admitted and shown every courtesy. But just before the show started, featuring the films they had made, a naval officer politely shooed them away.

"Sorry," he said, "but civilians are not allowed to see these films."

A good many Disney men became so well posted on special subjects that the Army, the Navy, and the Marines tagged them for special training duties in the armed forces, and Disney had to train new men for the studio's two newly formed educational departments, one headed by Carl Nater, coordinator of War Films, the other by Ben Sharpsteen, in charge of health films.

In the latter field—health education—the Disney staff hit its stride soon after Nelson Rockefeller, Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, lured Disney and a group of his key personnel to South America in 1941. The first result of this expedition was a good will film, "Saludos Amigos," followed

by "South of the Border" and "Three Caballeros." While the Disney idea men were gathering material for these essentially amusement features, they were also absorbing ideas for a series of educational reels sponsored by the Coordinator's Office in Latin-American countries and by the OWI in the rest of the world.

These films were education not only for G.I. Joe, but for the masses as well. In one, the Seven Dwarfs became the professors who, in "The Wicked Scourge," taught people unable to read and write how to cope with malaria. In "Water, Friend or Enemy," the lessons of sanitation and health in primitive communities were driven home. "The Grain That Built a Hemisphere" told the story of corn. Another film taught vaccination, still another defense against invasion by Nazi or Jap forces.

Altogether, there are about twenty of these health and welfare films in the Disney educational mill or freshly out of it. The pictures were done with the intention of showing them free of cost in foreign countries, mainly from trucks set up in village plazas, or in school yards. But they caught on in theaters as well, and as a result of this unexpected income, several have earned more than the cost guaranteed to the Disney studio by the Coordinator's Office and the OWI. Most of them have been done with Spanish and Portuguese sound strips, and some are done in Chinese. Since the characters are symbolic, the films can be equipped with sound strips in any language.

The more ambitious of the health films cost from \$25,000 to \$35,000 to produce. The hurry-up jobs done for the Army cost around \$8000, although some subjects were done for as little as \$3500. Among the latter were the quickies, such as "Flush Riveting," done for industries to speed training of war workers in aircraft plants and shipyards.

The Disney staff has animated and glamorized so many dull subjects, with the aid of lively Disney brain children, that Walt has good grounds for his contention that "There's a good film in almost any subject, if you put some imagination into it." In one film, done for OWI, and called "Out of the Frying Pan and Into the Firing Line," Minnie Mouse and Pluto dramatize with good humor the importance of fat salvage in the war effort. Another, "The Feuhrer's Face," done primarily for the Treasury to help sell War Bonds, became such a box office hit that it won the Academy of Motion Picture Sciences Oscar for the best cartoon of the year, proving that education need not be dull.

Capitalizing on their "boning up" on aeronautics, the Disney staff took a flier, without sponsorship, on "Victory Through Airpower," based on Alexander de Seversky's potent book. Though

primarily propaganda for a hard-hitting air force, this film enjoyed a good run in theaters as an amusement feature. The picture lost money, but demonstrated to the Disney studio that educational films could play in the big leagues.

The most prized trophies of the Disney studio belong to the members of the unit specializing on aviation films. One of their jobs was a film for the AAF on how to use the automatic pilot during bomb runs. The technical adviser assigned by the AAF was a veteran bombardier from the South Pacific, Major Ola P. Thorn. When he departed for combat service, one of the unit men said, "Drop the next load of bombs for us, will you, Thornie?"

"That's a deal," said Thorn, shaking hands.

Several weeks later, each man on the picture unit received a cotter pin, removed from a bomb, along with the bomb tag. The letters were mailed from "Somewhere in India." On the tags were the notations, "Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck flew with us today. Elapsed time in flight, 17 hours—mission successful."

The unexpected popularity of the films done for government agencies brought an equally unexpected flood of orders for films dramatizing the production problems of several U. S. industries. At first, Disney shied off from these industry films, but later decided to make a number of them, primarily to prove the postwar educational possibilities of animated pictures. The big and unsolved dilemma of education by films has been how to finance them. Although there are some 25,000 schools in the country equipped with projectors, almost twice as many as in theaters, most school budgets lack funds to pay adequately for rental of films. After the war, nearly all of the 118,000 school districts expect to buy projectors. This will give the "16-millimeter circuit," which includes clubs and service organizations as well as schools, a potential circulation many times that of the theaters, where the life of most films is limited to a few weeks. In the "16-millimeter circuit," a film may last a lifetime. But what to use as a substitute for the box office income which pays the studio bills is still an unsolved problem.

The answer, temporarily at least, seems to be the industry sponsored films now coming out of the Disney educational plant. One such is "Bathing the Baby," sponsored by a medical supply manufacturer, for use in domestic science classes and clinics. In this film the Disney staff have Professor Stork lecturing the stork flock on the new policy in baby delivery.

"It isn't enough to deliver the product and forget it," insists Professor Stork. "You have to instruct the mothers."

The film does just that. Disney is jealously guarding the educational standards of these films. The sponsor may have his name in the title flash, but that is all. In "Bathing the Baby," the sponsor's name on the can of baby

powder was carefully deleted.

One reason the animated educational films go over so well, in Disney's opinion, is the manner in which the people making the pictures put their hearts into their work. When the studio was turning out nutritional films for OWI, a wave of food consciousness swept the studio. The story man on one food film, who formerly had eaten anything put before him, went home and reorganized his family's diet. On another occasion, when they were working on a film featuring psychological studies, everybody in the unit was "psyching" everybody in the studio. But the final proof came in the unit working on "Bathing the Baby." An epidemic of babies were born to wives of men working on that picture, the majority of them first babies. Jim Alger, the director, became a father; so did Carl Nater, over-all supervisor, Erwin Verity, unit manager, Warren Williams, title man, and several others.

"I guess, when you're working on a picture like that, some of the stuff comes off on you," explained Disney.

In another film, "Building a Tire," sponsored by a rubber company, the picture puts across the lesson that industry has the same troubles as the Army in training people to do strange jobs, and that the tire shortage isn't a problem of rubber shortage but of worker shortage. "How Glass Is Made," sponsored by one of the big glass companies, does the same for the glass industry.

Among the other industry-backed films in the Disney mill or already completed is "Light Is What You Make It," directed at the public but sponsored by the National Better Light-Better Sight Bureau; "The ABC of Hand Tools," teaching proper use and care of tools, and sponsored by a motor car manufacturer; "Arc Welding," done for another concern, helps turn housewives into war plant welders. "The Metal That Comes from the Sea," backed by a manufacturer, previews the forthcoming light metals revolution.

One concern had 650 prints made for use on the "16-millimeter circuit," which in the course of five years reaches millions of people in audiences of 30 to 300. Though these films cost from \$40,000 to \$60,000 to make, the Disney plant is swamped with more requests for animated textbooks than can be turned out in the next two years. Disney picks his subjects with a partiality for those that have international appeal, such as the OWI's animated picture, "Food for Thought," which teaches nutrition in any language.

Last year, the Disney staff was handed its most difficult educational assignment yet. The Coordinator's Office wanted a series of films to try teaching illiterate South American Indians to read Spanish. Disney accepted the challenge, and decided to teach two lessons simultaneously—health as well as reading. When the films were finished, a committee of educators, accompanied by Ben Sharpsteen and Dan MacManus from the Disney studio, flew



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to Ecuador to see if the trick would work. Handpicking complete illiterates in groups of sixty, the committee showed the films, induced the natives to repeat the words flashed on the screen along with animated scenes showing how polluted water carries germs. In two days the Indians, all adults, were able to pass a paper test, reading a score of words. Now the series is being expanded and will be adapted to several languages.

These expeditions of the earnest Disney "professors" to determine whether or not their animated textbooks are ringing the bell with their unseen pupils have humorous angles. On one, Disney accompanied some key unit men on a trip into a remote section of Southern Mexico, where the pupils were illiterate Indians. The only way they could be persuaded to come to class was by hiring them. The expedition made the mistake of paying them more than a bare existence wage. Result, the Indians cut class until their money was gone, then came back for more learning.

The appalling ignorance which Disney is trying to combat with the more simple animated textbooks is illustrated by a question the Mexican collaborator on this "exam" put to the class one day. "Where is Japan?" he asked. The students stared with blank looks. No one could recall having heard of Japan, except one man. "Senor," he said, "Japan is at war with the North Americans." But neither he nor anyone else had the slightest idea where Japan was located. The crowning blow came with the next question, which revealed that no one in the class had ever heard of Donald Duck, who is by all odds the most popular Disney character among Latin Americans.

Today the Disney studio has half of its 900 people concentrating on educational and training films. Disney expects to maintain this percentage in the new-found field, even after the 400 Disney men and women now in the Armed Services return to their drawing boards.

their training period and probably its curtailment if desired. Their gain would be the nation's.

General Arnold has pointed the way with these inspiring words:

"We are earning our leadership the hard way and we do not intend to relinquish it. That is where our young people—young men and women alike, boys and girls—come in. The Civil Air Patrol is providing American youth, tens of thousands of them, with indispensable training in aviation.

"These young people will not have to start from scratch. They—and we must increase their numbers from tens of thousands to millions—will form a new pool of experience, both military and commercial. As they come to maturity, American air power too will come of age and that coming of age will be our best guaranty not only of the leader-

One of his important prospective customers is the Chinese government, whose emissaries have told him that animated films are the one medium by which all Chinese can be reached, regardless of dialect. The Chinese have launched an ambitious program, as soon as war ends, to lift their masses out of illiteracy and ignorance.

Exuberant Walt Disney says, "There is no longer any question but that the animated film is the most flexible, versatile, and stimulating of all teaching facilities. The question now is, where, how, and with what means shall the educational film be included in the tool kit of the pedagogues. If the educators will lay out the broad programs, decide the subject matter, and devise the teaching technique, animated films will get the lesson over to the pupils, whether they are returned G.I. Joes in this country or illiterate peons in some backward land.

"I believe that the returned soldier, accustomed to instruction from the screen, will be receptive to pictures that will help him reverse the process and incorporate him into the ways of peace, just as he was indoctrinated for war."

For Disney, no subject is too complex for his animators to simplify. Having made films on the behavior of storms, he is ready to tackle the intricacies of astronomy. Having done "Education for Death," he is eager to do a film on pregnancy.

"We must see that no schoolroom is so small or remote that it lacks the benefits of educational films," the Professor says. "We must see that there are no territorial limits to that classroom. In the animated film we have a medium that speaks all languages. What we can do in this country, we can do as well in the classrooms of South America, India, China, or Germany or Japan. It is a big job to make the knowledge of the world live on films, but personally, I'm not afraid of it because I know we have the men and women with the know-how to do it."

Civil Air Patrol

(Continued from page 35)

ship in the air but of our very existence as a sovereign nation."

Author's Postscript

P.S. It was remarked toward the start of this article that there is material for a grand adventure strip in the exploits of the men and women and the boy and girl cadets of the CAP. It has since been learned that there actually is such a strip. Maj. Zack Mosley, Florida Wing Commander, has been featuring the CAP's lost aircraft search service in his "Smilin' Jack" strip. One installment shows the heroine pilot flying her scout plane low over swamps infested by ferocious, red-eyed alligators, when she is suddenly hemmed in by a fog, a couple of squalls, and a baby hurricane.

What America is reading



Fine books by fighting men lead the list.

By Harry Hansen

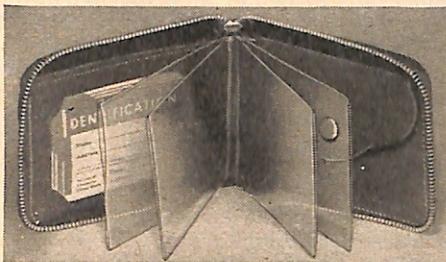
ONE of the finest accounts of war experiences so far published—and there have been some capital ones—is Ira Wolfert's "American Guerrilla in the Philippines", which gives, better than press dispatches, a clear idea of what guerrilla warfare against the Japanese was like. Mr. Wolfert, who wrote that able book about the Solomons, has been the intermediary in this account, for he has told it in the words of Iliff David Richardson, a Navy man, 26 years old, who was stranded on Leyte when John D. Bulkeley's famous PT boat squadron (celebrated in "They Were Expendable") met with mishaps. Richardson went into the jungles, joined up with the guerrillas and practically established a radio network that could communicate with Gen. MacArthur and thus speed the liberation of the Philippines.

It was a stroke of genius for Mr. Wolfert—no mean writer himself—to record, as nearly as possible, the way Richardson speaks, and thus let him reveal, step by step, his difficult life in the villages and woods, his fight to get food and get rid of ulcers and other disabilities, his raids on the Japs and contacts with other isolated Americans, who helped form guerrilla bands. Other Americans were also improvising radio communication—"strictly hambone, but it worked"—writes Lieutenant Richardson. Col. Fertig had a group working for him on behalf of the army, so the Navy, represented by Lieut. Commander Chick Parsons, asked Richardson to develop a radio station in the San Bernardino straits and other radio stations around Samar and Leyte to report Japanese

ship movements. The tale of how communication was established and how submarines and planes brought news of MacArthur and Nimitz to the natives is thrilling. Richardson became a major in the guerrilla army too and at the end of his story General MacArthur and General Kenney of the Air Corps are congratulating him on board the cruiser Nashville and recalling all the messages he managed to get out of the islands. It is a tale less bloody than most, full of adventures and sidelights on Filipino life, with steadfast courage and a little bit of love-making. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50)

But "Betio Beachhead", prepared on the orders of the U. S. Marine Corps by Capt. Earl J. Wilson and three master technical sergeants who took part in the Betio battle, is a grim tale. Blood flowed freely at Betio, which is the atoll at the end of the fishhook that is Tarawa. Here occurred the first sea-borne assault by amphibious tanks on a heavily defended atoll. The book has both pictures and text, and the reporting is excellent, conveying exactly what the individual soldier saw and experienced—not merely the fighting but the moments before and after—the trip to the atoll and the raising of the colors. It was at Betio that the planes and troops worked in perfect coordination, the planes blasting precise squares on the target map according to the needs of the ground troops. Here, too, the flame-throwers proved their great value. One officer destroyed a Japanese machine-gun emplacement with a single blast from his flame gun. "For seconds afterward the bullets in the cartridge belts of the cre-

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mated Japs continued to explode like firecrackers. Flame would turn corners in compartmented pillboxes. Bullets would not." There was an amusing incident at the end of the battle when the flag was to be raised on the trunk of a palm tree. As the bugler stepped forward he was seen to be wearing a new white uniform that he had exchanged for his dirty togs. Gen. Julian Smith recognized it as belonging to the Japanese Navy. "Take those damn things off and keep them off!" he commanded. The bugler complied and, suitably unclad, sounded the colors. (Putnam, \$2.50)

When George W. Norris returned to his home in McCook, Neb., in 1943 after serving forty years in Congress as Representative and Senator, his friend and political associate, James E. Lawrence, editor of Lincoln, Neb., prevailed upon him to write an account of those years. Senator Norris complied and finished his autobiography, "Fighting Liberal," in August of last year—when it must have been pretty hot in Nebraska—shortly before his death. He had been the storm center of many political campaigns and his opponents had finally downed him. The wonder was that he was re-elected again and again in the face even of opposition in his own party, for, as he states clearly, he was always an insurgent Republican, a man who took his own stand on vital issues and who, in the final years of his service supported many measures, such as the Tennessee Valley Authority, with which his party disagreed. Senator Norris has told, in this book, exactly why he voted as he did, and going back to the days of McKinley, Bryan, Joe Cannon, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Coolidge and many others now a part of American political history. In one of his final chapters Senator Norris writes earnestly of the menace of inflation. He feels that inflation is the unseen enemy which will defeat any effective postwar program unless checked. He calls on Congress to support drastic measures to check it, saying "men strike out against controls when thinking primarily of temporary profits," but adding that "regimentation during a war period, and its abnormal spending, are a cheap price to pay in order to escape the great evils of inflation." He tells his countrymen: "Liberalism will not die. It is as indispensable to life as the pure air all around about." The frankness and clarity of Senator Norris' testament are inspiring. (Macmillan, \$3.50).

If you and I decided to tell the world all about the intimate concerns of our families and friends we would be called common gossips. But it is different if you are a novelist or a philosopher—then you produce sidelights on human nature that may, with literary skill, become much more than mere entertainment. That is just what George Santayana, Harvard's retired professor of philosophy, has been doing in Rome while Mussolini was swashbuckling all over Italy—writing his memoirs and making the stories of his family and friends significant. Many readers will

remember his novel about the Boston Brahmins, "The Last Puritan," which was based on his long residence and social life in Cambridge and Boston. He retired to a convent conducted by the Blue Nuns in Rome and there, somewhat enfeebled but with a clear mind, began writing "Persons and Places," of which the first volume, "The Background of My Life" was published last year and the second, "The Middle Span," appears this month. This second volume deals with his young manhood, his travels in Europe in his twenties, and his first appointment at Harvard, when he took over one of William James's classes in philosophy—there were only three or four pupils—at \$500 a year. A few days later President Eliot gave him another class—this time of three pupils—and another \$500. We must remember that this was in the 1880s, and while the pay was little enough, it would probably be around \$2,000 today.

Mr. Santayana taught there thirty years, and yet says his position was always "insecure," and his views were opposed by many. Yet he seems to have made a brilliant impression on his pupils. An analytical man, who says he always thought before he acted, he sized up everyone—the members of his family in Avila, Spain; his colleagues at Cambridge; his associates in London and elsewhere, with an unsentimental eye and often with an amused, cynical attitude toward the vagaries of human beings. He was never wholly convinced that William James's pragmatic philosophy was sound, but he preferred his brother Henry James; he had some remarkable adventures with the young Lord Russell of the 1880s—falling out of a boat into the Thames, for instance and finding out that Russell had a wonderful command of profanity. He watched several of Queen Victoria's processions as a guest of John D. Rockefeller and tells some highly amusing anecdotes about the financier's son-in-law, Charles Augustus Strong. He cites this anecdote about the elder John D. Rockefeller: "One day when I had mentioned Spain, he asked me, after a pause, what was the population of Spain. I said I believed it was then 19,000,000. There was another pause, this time rather longer, and then he said, half to himself: "I must tell them at the office that they don't sell enough oil in Spain. They must look the matter up." There are some remarkable character sketches—almost caricatures—of Mr. Santayana's college friends, but the sparkle of the text is in the author's observations, his comment on himself no less than on his associates; his brief, sharp reflections on American life. Mr. Santayana, now 81, does not believe strongly in the influence of ideals of individuals on political events; he thinks strong, basic influences "inevitably entangle and subjugate men of action." Yet he is far from being radical in his views. He has always remained a Catholic, no matter where his philosophical ramblings have taken him. (Scribner, \$2.50)

Among the new novels, Johannes V. Jensen won the Nobel prize in 1944 and his greatest work, "The Long Journey," has just been reprinted by Alfred A. Knopf. In it Mr. Jensen develops a whole Nordic mythology of his own, telling the story of the evolution of primitive man in the cold north and the gradual migrations southward. He is at his best when reconstructing the ice age, the primeval forests and the taming of fire to the uses of man, but in his later chapters his symbolic use of Columbus, Cortez and Darwin is confusing. I do not believe it will prove as interesting to Americans as it has to Scandinavians, who are saturated with mythological stories . . . A slice of American boyhood is revealed in capital fashion by William Maxwell in "The Folded Leaf," the story of the relationship of two boys, one a strong athletic and assertive type, the other frail and his shadow. The fine thing about this story is that it is much more representative of American school life than the usual stories about adolescents; while there are some lapses of taste in the author's language, there are no unwholesome sex situations; the boys are natural and their jealousies and triumphs those of "regular fellows". (Harper, \$2.50) . . . Ludwig Bemelmans has taken a hand in writing a story about Nazi life in "The Blue Danube." This tells how a German anti-Nazi, a French prisoner of war and several others in a little Bavarian town get the better of a brutish gauleiter and the scheming town assessor. Mr. Bemelmans knows how to make the officials look ridiculous. He draws his own impressionistic pictures of them, too. Entertaining, though not as amusing, naturally, as his stories about life in the famous Hotel Splendide. (Viking Press, \$3) . . . "The Iron Gates," by Margaret Millar, is a pretty grim murder mystery, with Inspector Sands unravelling secrets of the house of Dr. Morrow, whose wife escaped to an insane asylum. But it certainly holds the interest. (Random House, \$2.50) . . . Whereas "Cats Don't Smile," by D. B. Olsen, has a novel detective—Miss Rachel Murdock, aged 70, who enjoys looking into little details of criminal problems and solving them. This is not so grim. (Crime Club, \$2) . . . There must be men who have all sorts of theories about catching fish—that it's best at the dark of the moon and when to use a fly and a worm. Elmer Ransom is the well-known writer on sports who has put a number of his stories about trout, bass, salmon and wild game into a book called "Fishing's Just Luck and Other Stories"—he has a chatty style and entertains even those who don't fish. (Howell, Soskin \$2) . . . Taylow Caldwell, whose bulky novels about the families of munitions makers must have beguiled the hours of many woman readers, has a new one—just as detailed, just as long, and just as full of violent family clashes, this time the story of mercantile life in upstate New York in the 1850s. It is called "The Wide House". (Scribner, \$3).

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 22)

OAKLAND, CALIF., Lodge, No. 171, held Open House one Sunday afternoon in April to celebrate the first birthday of its 130-bed dormitory for servicemen, where 41,000 boys have relaxed during the year.

The accommodations are ideal—eight showers, a spacious lounge and reading room with radio, stationery and magazines—with everything clean as a whistle and every attendant willing and able.

No. 171 also provides a checking service for the Armed Forces—the only one of its kind in the city. Another of the lodge's wartime activities is getting along fine, too—the book collection program for the American Merchant Marine. The first batch numbered 375—all great books in first class condition—and another, just as good, followed in no time. The War Commission Committee is now working wholeheartedly on behalf of the Veterans' Administration and Oakland Regional Hospital in recruiting registered nurses for service in veterans' hospitals.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

GLENDALE, CALIF. Local members of the Fourth Estate and newsmen of the entire metropolitan Los Angeles area were guests of Glendale Lodge No. 1289 at its 13th Annual Press Night on April 16. Members of the city council and heads of the city departments attended. After a short business session, at which E.R. Maynard G. Olmstead presided, Master of Ceremonies Roy N. Clayton, Public Relations Director of the lodge, took over. Since they were inaugurated, Mr. Clayton has been in charge of every one of the Press Night programs.

The principal speaker was Judge W. Turney Fox of the Los Angeles County Superior Court, who spoke on "Freedom of the Press During Wartime". Other speakers were H. C. Burkheimer, Publisher of the *Glendale News*, Thomas D. Watson, Publisher of the *Glendale Star* and Jimmy McLarnin, former world welterweight champion, now a resident of Glendale.

The occasion also served to celebrate the appearance after a year of Past Exalted Ruler Philip Sonntag of the U.S. Navy, home on furlough. In a fitting ceremony, he was presented with a life membership card.

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Wartime Conference Dates for 1945

Association	City	Date
Connecticut	New Britain	June 10
Indiana	Indianapolis	June 3
Massachusetts	Gloucester	June 24
Nebraska	Columbus	June 24
Ohio	Cedar Point	August 26

The Elks War Commission is pleased to announce an appointment of a new overseas representative:

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MINOT, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, held what was one of its largest and most successful crippled children's clinics on April 16, with the state and county welfare boards cooperating. Luncheon and refreshments were served the 158 children examined during the day and their attendants. Heading the examining group were Dr. Joel C. Swanson, Dr. H. J. Fortin, both of Fargo, N. D., and Dr. R. E. Dyson of Minot. The chairman of the lodge's Crippled Children Committee, R. F. Mills, was awarded a life membership recently in appreciation of his long and effective service.

The same day the clinic was held, Minot Lodge completed and shipped out its collection of books for the Merchant Marine—a total of 6,025, weighing about 3 1/4 tons. A great many books for children came in, but these were segregated and presented to local hospitals.

The Drive was led by P.E.R. T. J. McGrath, Chairman of the lodge's War Commission. Cooperating with the Elks were the Parent-Teachers Associations and the State Theater in Minot. The school children worked hard too, with an eye on prizes offered them ranging up to a \$25 War Bond.

WHEELING, W. VA., Lodge, No. 28, presented a \$100 War Bond to Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett when he dropped in on them recently. At this time, the Wheeling Elks told him that each baby born at the Florence Crittenton Home in Wheeling—one of the 63 Homes of the national organization of which the Grand Exalted Ruler is President—would receive a complete layette from No. 28. Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner of Wheeling for many years has provided free transportation in his own ambulance to and from the hospital for the girls at the Home. The Grand Exalted Ruler's mother was one of the founders of the Crittenton League.

COLUMBIA CITY, IND., Lodge, No. 1417, honored the State's new Governor, Ralph F. Gates, recently when 42 novices entered the Order in a class dedicated to him. Five hundred local and out-of-town Elks marched in a body to the city's high school auditorium, led by the school's junior band which then gave a concert. Directly after that, the Governor was introduced; his words were mainly in appreciation of the honor shown him and his Office, and his pride in being an Elk.

Grand Esquire Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, representing the Grand Lodge; State Pres. William J. McAvoy, Tipton; State Vice-Pres. L. E. Yoder, Goshen; Homer Creighton, Speaker of the Indiana House of Representatives; Ralph W. Gries, Garrett, Pres. of the Ind. North Central District, and D.D. Vern M. Landis, Warsaw, were there to see the nationally famous Degree Team of Niles, Mich., Lodge, perform the initiatory ceremony in fine style.

After a few brief speeches, everyone was entertained royally the rest of the evening.

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Editorial

Our President

HARRY S. TRUMAN succeeded to the Presidency of the United States in the most fateful days of world history.

Without warning he was elevated from the office of Vice-President to assume the mantle of a great leader, at whose sudden passing the world stood appalled.

President Truman found himself, within a few hours after the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt in a key position of world leadership. With the war in Europe drawing to a close, our forces in the Pacific plunging forward to bloody victory, and the complex problems of peace settlements lying before him he has, with his first utterances, won the confidence of the American people.

President Truman is a man of the people. Like Lincoln, he came from the farm, has known the vicissitudes of a farmer's life, and he battled his way to highest honors through the political intrigue of a great city. He is typical of the Middle West, where honesty and industry count for more than riches and where personal integrity is a yardstick by which is judged the character of men.

President Truman is a true son of the Middle West, a friendly and understanding man, loyal to his friends, frank and just in all his dealings. He is a fraternalist and his interest in fraternal affairs demonstrates that he likes people and has faith in what is sometimes called "the common man", but who is in reality the overwhelming mass of the American people, the rock upon which our country stands.

President Truman is an Elk, a member for many years of Kansas City Lodge No. 26 and more than 700,000 American citizens are privileged to call him brother. They join their fellow-countryman in hailing the Chief, confident that he will lead the world into a future of security and peace.

Our Flag

OUR Flag, which played its part on all the world's battle fields, on the sea and in the air, has never, since it was first raised over the army of Washington, gone into battle save in the cause of human liberty, and in the great global struggle of today, has vindicated the principles which gave it birth. Its red is brighter, with the blood of our bravest, shed for liberty, its white is cleaner, washed with the tears of their loved ones, its field, aglow with "the light that was never on land or sea", reflects the immortal souls of those asleep "on fame's eternal camping ground", and all people, war weary and heartsore look to "its clustering stars and streaming light" to lead them into a world haven of peace and good will.

"TO INculcate the PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP"
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

Victory

AFTER six years of warfare, diabolical in conception, and the most ruthless in execution ever recorded by history, fighting in Europe has come to an end.

As the Allied Armies, marching deep into Germany, have captured one prison and concentration camp after another, the basic pattern of the conflict has become more and more apparent. The war just ended was not a war for territorial conquest alone, but a war of extermination. The incredible disclosures of barbaric cruelty, inhuman practices, deliberate starvation, and the perversion of biological and pathological science, lead to the inevitable conclusion that its ultimate objective was to wipe out or reduce to the lowest human levels, all the peoples of Europe in order that the "Master Race" might become supreme.

It was a war that came very close to attaining its objectives. Had it not been for the courage of the soldiers, and the people of Britain, who at one time stood alone against German might, the story of V E day would never be written. If the men of the Allied Armies had not stood firm until the productive might of the United States enabled them to cope with the superiority of German equipment our civilization must have fallen. But the arms and munitions came, and then the Americans came also, to join the Allies in a mighty onward sweep, ending in the defeat of German arms and the most crushing, complete and overwhelming defeat in the history of warfare.

Adolph Hitler, whose diseased brain conceived the mad dream of world domination, and in its attempted fulfillment slaughtered women and little children, destroyed priceless monuments of centuries of European culture, spread devastation and sorrow over half the world, is dead—or in hiding—the most execrated man in the world. The partner of his Axis, the "Jackall" Mussolini, whose dream of empire dragged his own country into disastrous war, is dead—executed by his own countrymen, and his body lies in a pauper's grave.

Italy, the one-time Axis partner, seems to be on the way to redeeming the crimes of her betrayers, but the plight of Germany kindles no spark of pity, for the world remembers that eighty million Germans stood squarely behind Hitler's ruthlessness and cruelty, and that the whines of his one-time followers are inspired by a self-pity, in which there is no trace of regret for the destruction they have brought upon the world.

For we in America the war is not over. There is another Axis partner, Hirohito, the last of the unholy three, and our country is dedicated to the task of completing the work begun in Europe which will not be ended until the last vestige of tyranny is wiped from the face of the earth.



Bingham

Colonial Philadelphia volunteer fire company responding to alarm . . . based on early records.*



*"We agreed to meet once a month and spend a social evening . . .
communicating such ideas as occurred
to us upon the subject of fires . . ."*

—from Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography



Membership in Philadelphia's early fire companies was a recognized honor, both in useful service to the community, and for its social prestige. Deep-rooted, indeed, are the traditions associated with Philadelphia, proudly sustained today by Philadelphia Blend, The Heritage Whisky. Rich in flavor, superb in quality, a whisky you might justly reserve for only the most special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia regularly and often.

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GOOD BUSINESS

By Edgar A. Guest*

I F I POSSESSED a shop  or store, I'd drive the gourches  off my floor!

I'd never let some gloomy guy  offend the folks who come to buy;

I'd never keep a boy or clerk . . . With mental toothache  at his work,

Nor let a man who draws my pay  Drive customers of mine away. 

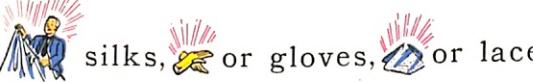
I'd treat the man who takes my time . . . And spends  a nickel or a dime 

With courtesy,  and make him feel  That I was pleased to close the deal,

Because tomorrow, who can tell? He may want stuff  I have to sell,

And in that case, then glad he'll be  To spend his dollars all with me.

The reason people  pass one door . . . To patronize  another store,

Is not because the busier place . . . Has better  silks,  or gloves,  or lace

Or special prices,  but it lies . . . In pleasant words  and smiling eyes;

The only difference, I believe, *Is in the treatment folks receive!*

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